

CASSIUS CLAY vs. SONNY LISTON

VEECK: Part 2

Sports Illustrated

MAY 24, 1966

35 CENTS





Light and dark Canadian Club is bottled from Canada by Hiram Walker Importers Inc., Detroit, Mich. in a proof, blended Canadian whisky.

The Australians married polo to lacrosse and produced mayhem

1 "For a battering, breath-taking, rough-house on horseback, have a go at polo-crosse in New South Wales," writes Peter Timbman,

friend of Canadian Club. "Nets are used to scoop up the ball and toss it toward the goal. It's faster than polo and rougher than lacrosse.



BY APPOINTMENT
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2 "Swinging and slashing, we charged down the field. Suddenly a stunning blow from a net caught me on the neck.



3 "I tumbled from my pony and hit the ground. Hard. The oncoming horses swerved, missing me by inches.



4 "Shaken and chastened, I accepted a teammate's invitation to a nearby club for a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club. Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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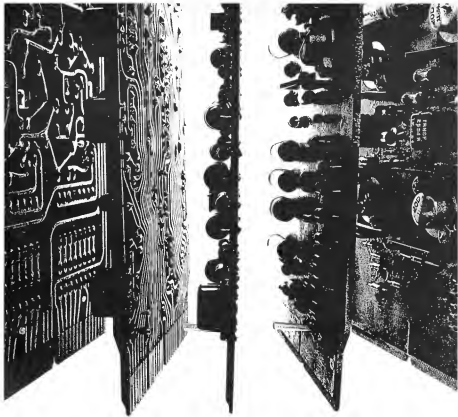
But these things aren't what brought on our problem. It's the kind of girl we hire. Being beautiful isn't enough. We don't mean it isn't important. We just mean it isn't enough.

So if there's one thing we look for, it's girls who like people.

And you can't do that and then tell them not to like people too much.

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American Airlines



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Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, H1-H4, E1-E4; western, H5-H8, E5-E8; Florida, H1-H4, E1-E4; S1-S4; western, W1-W4; Los Angeles metropolitan, T1-T2, W1-W4.

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Next week

INDY CHAMPIONS Roger Ward and Parnell Jones talk candidly of the exhausting demands and lethal dangers of America's biggest and most brutal auto race, the 500.

AUSTRALIA is making a great leap backward in killing off its national symbol, the kangaroo. Virginia Kraft, after an Australian safari, concludes that kangaroos are not fair game.

HAKING UNDER full pack, once the poor infantryman's burden, is becoming a national craze. But now both the pack and its contents have been subjected to considerable revision.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

According to Webster's, it is no longer correct to use the verb "illustrate" to mean "to enlighten or illuminate." With all due respect to the philological heirs of Noah Webster, the editors of this magazine feel they have a certain vested interest in the verb and decline to go along with this high-handed dictate. If illustration had no capacity to

on the following pages Carleton Mitchell writes on the same thing in terms of his own experience. Each reporter tells a separate story, yet each complements the other. "The methods I use to express my observations," says Gorsline, "are a result of preoccupation with the phenomena of motion and simultaneity. To the extent that photography first revealed these aspects of reality, it might be said that I attempt to adapt some of photography's discoveries to my own medium." Actually, Gorsline's simultaneous, similar multiple images are even closer to motion picture photography.

Gorsline, who studied art at Yale and New York's Art Students League in the '30s, now spends his time roaming the world—mostly France in a Citroën station-wagon studio—experimenting with art and doing his own kind of reporting for this and other magazines on such diverse subjects as pool hustlers in Illinois, Rugby in Yorkshire and the medieval architecture of Semur-en-Auxois.

The problem facing journalism now, Gorsline says, "is to see the world with a fresh eye." One solution, he believes, lies along the road to pop art, "that most recent succès fou of the international art scene." Behind pop art's "banalities of shock" and its "cult of the odd personality," says Gorsline, lies "profound historical meaning." *I.e.*, the final liberation of modern art from its progressive disintegration into the abstract.

Says Gorsline: "We have come full circle from 1903, when the camera's eye pioneered documentation of our objective visual circumstances. Objective appearances are once again the province of the creative artist just as they were for a Goya or a Hogarth."

GORSLINE in thoughtful mood before his drawing of a church in Semur-en-Auxois.

illuminate our pages or enlighten our readers, the name SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would be meaningless. Moreover, there would be no place in our magazine for journalists like Douglas Gorsline.

Artist Gorsline, whose works have been hung in museums from coast to coast, is a reporter who makes his points with line and shadow rather than subject and predicate, but the points are no less valid for that. In the drawings of Cannes and its "boatnik boatmen" on pages 74-78, for instance, Gorsline takes an artist's look at the *dolce vita* that is Mediterranean yachting, while





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1 NUMBER



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And even if you did put two conventional wagons together you still couldn't carry the kind of things you can in a Volkswagen.

It has a 14-square-foot hole in the roof for sticking tall things out of.

And five big doors for sticking things into.

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170 cubic feet of station wagon.

feet of luggage.

(Not 'or' 28 cubic feet.)

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You can park it like a sports car.

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It goes over 20 miles on a gallon of regular gas. And you never have to pay for antifreeze, flushings, or radiator repair.

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When you think about it, the VW Station Wagon not only holds a pile, it can also save you one.



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If your martini doesn't send a postcard, you'll never know it's away.



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In 15 years of physical aptitude testing, the U.S. Military Academy at West Point has come to certain conclusions, and they do not at all jibe with the old stereotyped belief that brawn and brains are mutually exclusive. The *Physical Fitness News Letter*, published by H. Harrison Clarke of the University of Oregon, summarizes some recent inferences from physical aptitude tests taken by the 1961-63 cadets ("inferior group" refers to the lowest 7% in physical aptitude, "superior group" to the highest 7%):

"1. Failures to graduate: 48.3% in inferior group; 18.8% in superior group.

"2. Cadet discharges for any reason: 29.8% in inferior group; 11.3% in superior group.

"3. Cadet resignations: 18.5% in inferior group; 7.5% in superior group.

"4. Leadership ability: 6.6% in inferior group; 40.0% in superior group.

"5. Low aptitude for military service: 19.2% in inferior group; 1.2% in superior group.

"6. Academic failures: 17.2% in inferior group; 8.1% in superior group."

Colonel Frank J. Kobes, director of the academy's physical education program, reported to the American College of Sports Medicine that athletes are significantly more cooperative and good-natured, emotionally mature and realistic, enthusiastic and cheerful, adventurous, masculine, conservative, and willing to work with people.

As spend a description of a golfer having a good round as we have seen.

STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE

The Liston-Clay fight is not an unmixed blessing for the state of Maine, an editorial in the weekly *Brunswick* (Me.) *Record* suggested last week. Welcoming "the fight crowd" for just this one bout, it expressed concern "about the idea that Maine may become a more frequent host to such events."

"We don't think the publicity [for this one match] will hurt," the editorial explained, "but making Maine the fight crowd's headquarters for years to come

would most certainly not be in the state's interest. The people who come to Maine year after year an ever increasing numbers come to get away from the 'action,' not to find it."

There is precious little danger that Maine will become the prizefight center of the nation but, though we hold the "fight crowd" in higher regard than the *Record* does, we applaud its view that Maine should not change too drastically. Let it remain as nature graced it, a haven for the fisherman, the hunter, the sailor and the lover of lobster and blueberry pie. Lox, cheeseecake and "action" we can always get at Lindy's.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

During the past eight years Auburn University has led the nation three times in football defense. All those defenses have been coached by Hal Herring, the old Cleveland Browns linebacker. Well, a man spends 12 years building a reputation, and overnight a wife—blonde, 5 feet 5, five children—displaces him as the No. 1 coach on Forrest Dale Drive.

It began a year ago last summer. Tony, the Herrings' oldest son, then 15, became interested in pole vaulting. He did not know how to hold his pole, but his mother read up on the subject and advised him. She also went snooping around the university equipment room and came home with a used fiber-glass pole. And she helped dig a pit in the backyard and filled it with sawdust.

Tony could get no higher than 9 feet, so his mother called in a consultant, Wilbur Hutsell, professor emeritus after 42 years (and several Olympics) as track coach. "Virginia, he's got the technique down fine," Hutsell said, "except he takes off on the wrong foot. Now, that's not fatal. The Big Ten champion one year was a wrong-footer. You might as well forget changing him."

One week later Mrs. Herring had Tony leaving quite properly off his left foot. This spring Tony set a new Border Conference record for Auburn High with a vault of 12 feet 4 inches. He finished second in the state Class AAA meet.

The week before the meet the telephone rang and Herring answered. It was a high school coach. Hal asked what he could do for him.

"Sorry, Hal," the caller said. "I wasn't calling you. Could I speak to Virginia? It's just that I'm having trouble with my pole vaulter."

THE NEW BOWLING IMAGE

Bowlers, like baseball pitchers and golfers, have their little quirks—mannerisms and gestures that relieve tension and, they think, help their game. For Clarence Eirig, a 5-foot freshman coed at the University of Minnesota, the thing to do while bowling is to read a good book.

Competing in the St. Paul Women's Summer League last week, she rolled a 300 game and a 704 series while reading *Woe and Power* between frames. Knocked off 30 pages, she reported afterward.

HORSE PLAY

Time and Again is an unraced 2-year-old brown Thoroughbred stabled at Hollywood Park. Recently Trainer Joe Russo has come to have high hopes for him.

Hutherto he had been a nervous horse, a stall walker and difficult to manage. Russo got tired of being bounced around each time he went into the colt's stall.

"I decided that I had to have something to keep him busy," Russo said.



"So I thought of a tether ball that kids enjoy so much on the playground." A nail was driven into the ceiling and a tether ball suspended on a rope so that the ball was at the height of Time and Again's nose.

The once-new ball now shows the evidence of Time and Again's interest. It is

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

tooth-marked, it is scarred from being bounced off the door and it is gouged from being driven against pegs.

"His favorite stunt," says Russo, "is to hit it with his nose, roll it down across his shoulder and then flip it to one side or the other of the stall."

Time and again is now a model Thoroughbred.

"He's easier to handle, not nervous, has quit walking his stall and is training well," Russo reported.

THE UMPIRE'S REVENGE

The fellow is out of baseball now and does not want his name used. A few years ago he was an umpire in a very minor league. It was not a happy life. Umpires must not fraternize with players off the field, and on the field they must take a lot of abuse. Loneliness and maltreatment are their lot.

He was having a particularly hard time handling a series in a small town. The visiting team's manager was arguing on virtually every call and making umpiring even more uncomfortable than usual.

There was but one good restaurant in the town, and when the umpire went there to dine he was turned away, perhaps because the kitchen really was closed, perhaps because the proprietor was a disgruntled fan. On the next night he was turned away again.

The umpire seethed through the night. Next day he made two telephone calls. First he called the restaurant and said he was the visiting manager and would bring his entire squad to the restaurant after the game. Then he called the visiting manager and said he was the restaurant proprietor and wanted the whole team to be his guests that night—all they could eat for a dollar a man.

All a baseball team can eat is considerable. Next week all around the league our umpire heard stories about how a visiting team smashed up the restaurant when presented with a huge check and how the visiting manager went to jail for slugging the maître d'.

CYCLONE CELLAR

With good reason, football experts have been predicting that next fall's competition in the Big Eight Conference will be the toughest in the organization's history. Now comes another harbinger.

With his spring practice not even over yet, Jack Mitchell, coach at Kansas since 1958, has just pulled off a monumental

hedge. Within a 10-day span he joined with several fellow citizens of Lawrence, Kans., to apply for a state bank charter, assumed a place on the board of directors of a newly formed insurance company and, to cap it all, along with his wife and father-in-law he bought the *Wellington* (Kans.) *Daily News*, of which he will become publisher July 1.

Mitchell will continue at Kansas, he says, adding, "but I have to start thinking about what I'll do when I leave coaching."

Under the circumstances, that is good thinking.

ABSDURD AND SENSELESS

The use of whips in horse racing, the Humane Society of the U.S., New Jersey branch, was told recently, is "absurd, senseless and cruel." John W. Patten, author of some books on racing, made the statement. A horse in second place, he said, will usually refuse to advance if he sees that the horse in front is being whipped.

Which is a pretty good reason for whipping, if you are the leading jockey and do not wish to be passed. The fact is, though, that good jockeys do not hurt a horse and do not need to. The whip is about 24 thin inches long, with a small leather popper, shaped like a tiny home plate, on the end. About three inches up from the popper are what race riders call feathers—tiny strips of leather that act as a cushion. The popper, applied rhythmically to a horse's flanks, stings him and scares him much more than it hurts.

"I used to ride a horse called Double-dog-dare," said Steve Brooks, who has been whipping mounts under the wire for 27 years. "Without a stick, she'd go three-eighths of a mile in 37 or 38 seconds. But as long as I slapped her on the neck and let her know I had the whip, she'd go the same distance in 34."

Patten used to cry out against the use of the whip in harness racing, too, but in harness racing the driver scarcely ever touches the horse. He will whack at the sulky shafts to keep the animal alert, or occasionally slap the saddle cloth. To hit even the best-guiled harness horse would very likely send him off stride.

A rider who raises welts on a horse is likely to be whipped himself, by the horse's trainer.

WORD FROM AN EXPERT

The efficacy of the standard automobile seat belt in reducing both the number and severity of injuries in auto accidents

continued

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has been claimed both on the basis of statistics and experimentation, but Stirling Moss, who has had more than his share of accidents, believes the lap belt should be banned. "I would rather drive a car in a pool of gasoline than use a lap strap," the former racing-car driver said during a visit to Canada.

The lap straps help a little, he conceded, but continued:

"I've seen gruesome crash scenes of drivers whose upper bodies were seriously injured because they wore lap belts. It's the top part of your body, where the [movable] weight is, that you want to check."

The answer, he said, is to go to diagonal belts across the chest. They are widely used in Sweden, he added, and their manufacturing cost is only about 15¢ more than for lap belts.

It is certainly possible to be hurt while wearing a lap belt. But you are not likely to be thrown through door or windshield, or to ricochet around inside the car to be speared on door handles. Another answer: wear the shoulder harness if you can find it, but in any case drive as if you had no protection whatever.

CORNDOWN

The city of Albuquerque was named and misspelled, in 1706, for the Duke of Albuquerque and so, naturally, its baseball team was named the Dukes in 1942. But last winter, after 22 years as Dukes, the team was renamed the Dodgers by its parent club, the Los Angeles Dodgers. Some Albuquerque fans protested, but nothing availed.

Headline writers, confronted with the problem of having to label two storages, one about the Albuquerque Dodgers and the other about the Los Angeles Dodgers, were understandably confused and indignant. But the problem has been solved. On such occasions the old Dukes are referred to as the Junior Bums.

THEY SAID IT

• Gene Autry, Los Angeles Angels' owner, on the Dodger president: "There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for Walter O'Malley. There's nothing he wouldn't do for me. That's the way it is. We go through life doing nothing for each other."

• Lamar Hunt, Kansas City Chiefs' owner, on his new, luxurious offices: "We gave the interior decorator an unlimited budget and he exceeded it."

END

Who's boss...you or your feet?



(PORTRAIT BY DELRICH)

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CASSIUS TO WIN A THRILLER

When Sonny Liston meets Cassius Clay for the heavyweight championship, he will pit one gun—a left hook—against an arsenal, and common sense predicts he will again lose **by TEX MAULE**



Some time after the eighth round on the night of May 25, in the small and unlikely town of Lewiston, Me., Cassius Marcellus Clay (who would much rather be called Muhammad Ali) will certify his claim to the heavyweight championship of the world by knocking out challenger Sonny Liston (*see corner*).

This, of course, is an opinion—and there are other opinions which hold that neither man should be in that ring at all, Clay because of his allegiance to the Black Muslim organization and Liston because of his alleged underworld connections. But no amount of opinion can alter the fact that these two men are the best heavyweights in the world. A year ago in Miami Beach they produced a turbulent and exciting fight, and now another one is in prospect.

Although he is likely to end up a battered and well-beaten fighter, Liston will not quit in his corner this time. But, unfortunately for him, the Clay he meets in Lewiston is a surer, more mature and more expert fighter than the Clay who beat him in Miami Beach; Liston himself is a year older, a trifle slower and, although he has whipped himself into exceptional condition, a bit less certain of his abilities.

"I made a mistake in Miami I ain't going to make again," he said the other day in his training camp. "I got new plans for this fight, but I ain't saying what they are. But I ain't making the same mistake."

In his workouts for the fight, the new plans seemed obvious. In Miami he came after Clay hell for leather in the first round, a tactic made to order for a man with Clay's speed and ability to float like a butterfly. Against his sparring partners this time Liston has moved deliberately, stalk-

Trim Clay, skipping rope at Chicopee Falls training site, will come into the ring fighter than when he won the title in Miami a year ago.

ing them and waiting for a chance to deliver his best punch—the left hook with which he twice demolished Floyd Patterson. In Willie Richardson and Amos (Big Train) Lincoln he has sparring partners who are far superior to the nondescript crew he worked against in Miami Beach. Both men are quick, and Lincoln is as tall as Clay; they have forced Liston to work hard and often they have made him look clumsy, but he has caught both of them time and again with that vicious, short-arc left hook.

Once Richardson, in a poor imitation of Clay's hands-down style, bounced off the ropes directly into the left hook and dropped as if shot. Richardson is the only sparring partner in either camp who has sparred with both Clay and Liston. After he had been revived he said, "The man here hurt you whenever he hit. And Clay can be hit. You can't go after him swinging all the time, because that what he like. He move around, dance in, hit you pop, pop, pop, dance out, make you miss, hit you pop, pop, pop again and it begin to hurt bad after a while. But I used to wait

and wait and look for my shot, and I hit him pretty good. That was three years ago, and they kept me around only four days because I wasn't doing the way they want me to do."

He felt his face gingerly.

"This man can whip Clay," he said, "if he can hit him."

That, of course, is Liston's problem, and it seems doubtful that he will solve it. He has worked earnestly at developing a right-hand punch to the body, but when he throws it it is ponderous. Liston is left flat-footed and spraddle-legged, and this is one of the things Clay counts on.

The other morning, hacking ineptly at a tree in the woods near his training camp in Chicopee Falls, Mass., Clay expounded his fight philosophy.

"I don't usually tell people this, because they don't understand," he said. "I don't really have no fight plan. Angelo [Dundee], he got a fight plan, and I do it when I can. But it would be the worst thing I could do to go in there with my mind all made up what to do. I been fighting

continued

Sharpening his most effective weapon, Liston throws his big left hook at a sparring partner. The ex-champ's best chance is to surprise Clay.



since I was a child, and I do everything on instinct. Sometimes I wonder at myself when I see a big fist coming at my head, and my head move without me thinking and the big fist go by. I wonder how I did it."

He swung his ax awkwardly at the tree, and did small damage.

"One thing gonna be very different this time," he said. "Now, last time I was ducking just to not get hit. Ducking to get away. This time, every move I make, it gonna be to set him up."

Clay's manager, Angelo Dundee, and his other advisers have studied movies of Liston very carefully and discovered some flaws that they feel may be fatal to him.

For instance, when Liston is hit with a jab, his first reaction is to drop both hands to chest level. Then he feints twice with his left before throwing a punch, a tactic known as the Philadelphia feint because Philadelphia-trained fighters are apt to use it.

Clay's riposte to this is a fairly obvious one. When he hits Liston with a jab—which he did often in the first fight—he will follow immediately with a right, hoping to catch Liston with his hands down.

The swinging right hand to the side of the body, which Liston has worked on so assiduously, is no secret to Clay or Dundee. Working with his sparring partners, Clay has learned to counter this move by stepping back quickly to let the punch go by, then moving in with a short, hard right uppercut, a punch he developed before the first Liston fight and one he has since improved.

Clay's personality has changed in the last year. He seems

more sober now and less flamboyant. "The boy is gone," says Drew (Bundine) Brown (SI, May 17). Bundine is probably Clay's best friend. "What you see now is the man. And what I got to worry about now is that the man don't go trying too hard to prove that he is a man. The man apt to take too many chances trying to prove that, and he can't afford no chance-taking."

Avoid from taking foolish chances—and Clay certainly did not do that in the first fight and most likely will not in this one—the one thing Clay must avoid at all costs is being trapped in a corner where Liston can maul him. He has the speed afoot to stay away from Liston, circling away from Sonny's left hand, and he has worked steadily on this. In training, he occasionally let himself be crowded into the ropes by a sparring partner, and protected himself by bobbing and weaving, a similar move against Liston could lead to disaster.

Clay will be more aggressive in this fight than he was in the last. In the third round in Miami he hit Liston with a lovely combination of punches, knocking him back into the ropes and cutting his eye. Liston was still dangerous then; Clay, instead of moving in and following up his advantage, stayed away and gave Sonny a chance to recuperate.

"We get the same chance in this fight, we move in," Dundee says, in anticipation. "I think if Clay had moved in then he might have taken Sonny out. He won't make the same mistake this time."

Liston and Willie Reddish, his trainer, have evidently studied movies of the toughest fight of Clay's career, a bout with Billy Daniels in which Clay was tagged several times with a looping right hand over a left lead. Liston worked on this punch, too, with his sparring partners, but without notable success. His right hand is thrown awkwardly and slowly at a distance. It is most effective in close, where he uses a short right uppercut to the belly to bring an opponent's hands down and open him up for the left hook to the head.

In anticipation of the looping right, Clay has sparred a good deal of the time with a light heavy named James Elia, who throws the punch—and much more quickly than Liston. He caught Clay with it several times but, like Daniels, he is a taller man than Liston, with a longer reach. If Liston persists in using this, for him, clumsy punch, it seems likely that it will only leave him vulnerable to countering rights by Clay. Both Richardson and Lincoln, in sparring sessions, hit Liston with short straight right-hands to the face when he threw the looping right. Neither of them was trying to knock Liston out, but Clay will be, and he has the punching power to succeed.

The early stages of the fight will probably be a contest of left jabs, with Clay's left quicker and longer and Liston's stronger. By the third round Clay should begin to open up, and it would not be surprising if he cut Liston some time between the third and sixth rounds.

Although both men are in superb condition, Clay is 23 years old to Liston's 30-odd. By the second half of the fight the younger Clay should be much fresher and stronger, and Liston will probably take a fearful battering until he is either knocked out or the fight is stopped.

While Liston's tactics in this fight will be to wait for an

Unusually playful Liston romps with young waster at training camp.



opening before committing himself, instead of chasing Clay as he did in the first fight, he is still a straight-line fighter, moving directly in on an opponent. He does not move well to either side. In training, while trying to develop more lateral movement—the idea is to cut the ring in half on Clay, thus preventing him from slipping sideways as José Torres did so effectively against Willie Pastrano—Liston looked clumsy and unsure of himself. And, oddly enough, he trained in a 15-foot ring, even though the fight will be held in a 20-foot ring. This was done on the dubious theory that the smaller ring would make him quicker; all it actually did was restrict the mobility of his sparring partners, making them easier for Liston to catch.

Clay, on the other hand, trained in a 20-foot ring—and used all of it. When he first went to his training camp in Chicopee Falls, Dundee discovered that a 12-foot ring had been built.

"We want a 20-foot ring," he said. "We gonna fight in a 20-foot ring, aren't we? I want Clay to be used to the size, I don't want him expecting ropes where there ain't gonna be ropes in the fight."

Liston's principal advantage during the training period was in the quality of his sparring partners. Lincoln and Richardson are main-event fighters, and good ones. The third sparring partner was changed several times, and the fact that he was never as good as Lincoln or Richardson did not really matter. In each case the man functioned more as a punching bag than anything else.

Clay used his brother Rudy, Cody Jones, Dave Bailey, and Ellis, the light heavyweight. He seemed reluctant to hit

Bailey or Jones; Bailey had a bad back, and Jones had just come out of a hospital for treatment of his eyes. Clay, strangely, reserved his most damaging attacks for his brother, who apparently irritates him in the ring. Several times he staggered the younger Clay and had him on the verge of a knockout, only to ease off.

Refreshingly, neither Clay nor Liston has boasted much before this fight, although Clay could not forebear from predicting a dire but unspecified end for Liston.

"If I told you what was gonna happen, you wouldn't even bother to show up," he said.

Liston, who growled threats like a sleepy bear before the fight in Miami, has been much more cautious this time.

"I took him too light before," he said. "That was one of my mistakes. This time I'm gonna bring my lunch. We may be there a long time."

Liston was in rare good humor while training for this fight. After his workouts in Dedham, Mass., and before moving north to Maine last weekend, he spent the early evenings in a drugstore, listening to interminable repetitions of a song called *My Girl*, played for him by the teenagers inhabiting the soda fountain, amiably signing autographs and kidding with the youngsters. On his last night in Dedham his new-found friends presented him with a small gift and a card reading: "Win, lose or draw, you will always be our champ."

Unless the left hook comes through, that will be Liston's happiest souvenir from New England.

FOR A VIEW OF THE MAN BEHIND CLAY, TURN TO PAGE 32

Unusually quiet Clay relaxes beneath color photograph of a growling Liston which he brought with him from his training base in Miami.



MASKED MARVEL OF THE SPEEDWAY

A. J. Foyt got sore after a crackup in practice, tied a bandana around his jaw, Jesse James style, and in one of the Ford-engined racers now dominating Indy grabbed the pole for the 500 with a record run **by BOB OTTUM**



JAMES ORRINE

Two weeks ago, when the place was empty. Race Driver A. J. Foyt, twice winner of the Indianapolis 500, wheeled out of the No. 2 turn at the Brickyard and into the backstretch straightaway. As he put his throttle foot to the floor the rear suspension cracked. In the next few seconds his Lotus-Ford ran wild, smearing a thick, 1,000-foot trail of rubber along the track like black crayon, at one point slashing a concrete wall. The left rear wheel snapped off at the axle and rolled up over Foyt's shoulders and across the top of his helmet. When the car finally stopped it lay hunkered down

on the infield lawn, its splendid sharp nose shattered and oil spilling into the grass.

In another moment Chief Steward Harlan Fongler pulled up. Foyt was stamping around the wreckage, kicking up divots and shaking his head. "Am I all right?" he snapped. "Am I all right? Man, I thought that blank-blanker would never stop spinning. I was in that long, long spin and, man, I was reaching up and unhooking my shoulder straps at the same time. Then that old tire came rolling up over my head—*shoom*—and I thought to myself, 'Well, this car is go-

ing to catch on fire for sure, but one thing it ain't going to burn up is old A.J.'" When it started to slow down I stood up in the seat and bailed out of her."

Foyt had only a small cut from the windshield on the inside of one knee, but he was shaken and he was angry. Mostly he was angry. It was this wonderfully mean mood that propelled him into last Saturday's first qualifying trials, and it made him the one man to beat in the Indy 500.

When Foyt rolled out to qualify in the same car—it had been swiftly repaired

—210,000 swinging, cheering fans rocked the speedway with noise, and A.J. gave them a stunning 10-mile show. Racing to a brilliant new mark of 161.958 miles an hour on the first of his four qualifying laps, he won the pole position for the 500 at a record average speed of 161.233 mph. This was the climactic run on a day of speed such as Indy had never before experienced, unleashed by men who will be gunning for shares of a lavish \$600,000 purse on May 31. Into the No. 2 starting position sizzled Scotland's Jimmy Clark, the 1964 pole winner, qualifying at 160.729 mph. Then came Californian Dan Gurney (158.898); the sensational Italian-born rookie, Mario Andretti (158.849); and the 1963 winner, Parnelli Jones (158.625).

With these five fastest qualifiers all in Ford-powered racers—Clark and Gurney in new English Lotuses, Foyt and Jones in beefed-up 1964 Lotuses and Andretti in a Brabham-inspired American chassis—only catastrophic ill luck can prevent Dearborn from winning the 500 in its third year of trying.

Ford could count five other cars that qualified on the first trials weekend with the new 495-horsepower four-camshaft V-8 engines. Last year, when Ford won everything but the race—Bobby Marshman sheared an oil plug after taking a big lead and Jimmy Clark suffered tire failure when he looked unbeatable—most of the V-8s burned gasoline. This year most of the Ford users have chosen alcohol, partly for its higher horsepower yield and partly because a lot of Indy people just do not like gas, especially since the tragic 1964 gasoline fire.

In view of the Ford qualifying success, the revolutionary swing to rear-engined cars, which had its feeble beginnings in 1961 with the little Grand Prix Cooper driven by Jack Brabham, is an accomplished fact. Touchy Indy patriots like Foyt may call them "Tunny" cars and have a few lingering qualms about deserting the traditional Offenhauser-engined roadster, but only a miracle could bring another victory for that lovable dinosaur. The fastest roadster qualified only 14th.

While most people connected with the Ford qualifying assault were in a cele-

continued

An all-Lotus-Ford front row for the 500 was filled out by invaders from Grand Prix racing: Scotland's Jim Clark (above) and Dan Gurney.



beaty mood, one was not: Rodger Ward, a graying 44, the marvelous old fox of the speedway whose foot and shrewdness had brought him home first in 1959 and 1962. Ward's week was an Indy bust. He had a new, low, long, sharklike rear-engine racer built by the roadster wizard A. J. Watson, a man younger but grayer than Ward.

"We have never built a *pretty* car before," said Watson. "This one is. The design seems right. The engine is perfect. We are having a little trouble with the handling, but we have another week to correct that."

Ward was not in a mood to wait. On Saturday he fought the shark around the speedway at nearly 156 mph—fast enough to qualify but not fast enough to satisfy the perfectionist Watson. Ward ultimately squandered two of the three qualifying attempts available to him—Watson flagged him in before either could be completed. On Sunday, Rodger was a little slower in practice runs than on the day before and made no attempt to qualify, although his stablemate On Branson did get into the lineup in another Watson-Ford.

With but one try remaining for the shark this weekend, the final chance to qualify, Ward was tense but firm from panicky. He had two other mounts in the barn—and, potentially, three qualifying chances in each. One was a stubber, plumper Watson with an Offy in the rear, the other a Watson roadster with a Ford engine residing up front where an Offy used to go—a car that could shake the rear-engine men to their half-shafts if it turned out to be fast. Nor does the Offy in rear-engine chassis seem competitive. The swiftest of these last weekend, that of Canadian rookie Billy Foster, was down in sixth place on the qualifying list. Seventh—hallelujah!—was a Novi, the favorite hard-luck engine of all Indianapolis fans, its supercharged banshee scream now escaping from an English Ferguson four-wheel-drive chassis.

For all the foreign hardware, the Indy mood last weekend was 99.44/100% pure Midwest American picnicking, beer-guzzling whoopeedoo. So strong is the May migratory instinct, there is every reason to believe that the party would go on if nobody raced at all. In the days before qualifying weekend, Magistrate

Charles T. Gleason issued a stern warning that anyone arrested on race day would automatically be held in jail until 3 p.m. before being allowed to post bond, thereby missing the race—a form of punishment any Indy fan would consider inhuman. "I haven't missed a race in 10 years," said Magistrate Gleason, "and I don't intend to miss this one."

In the speedway infield on Saturday, shapely girls were marching about in T-shirts emblazoned with "Go Go Parnelli," and one citizen was passing out copies of a letter he had written to Queen Elizabeth demanding knighthood for Jimmy Clark—on the basis of his Indy prowess, naturally, not his eminence in Grand Prix racing. One downtown Indianapolis tavern proprietor put his customers into a special bus for the track, thoughtfully taking along fried chicken and 48 gallons of beer.

On the straightaway in front of the main grandstands corn-fed girls in pink-and-white-striped dresses were paraded in open convertibles, hundreds of bare-legged boy scouts marched in ragged review and a college band played the Hoosier anthem, *Back Home Again in Indiana*. One grizzled oldtime Offenhauser pitman stalked about in a straw boater with "Roadsters Forever" printed on the hatband. The sun came out strongly and a clutch of balloons was released, each balloon carrying free tickets to the big race. They were promptly carried aloft by a strong upper wind to drift off in the general direction of Newfoundland.

What the Saturday crowd enjoyed most, however, was speed, speed, and then more speed. Keyed to a festive pitch by the bands, the girls and balloons, the enormous gathering cheered and stamped through a day of extraordinary excitement. First it was generated by Parnelli Jones, whose gold-on-white car flashed by at 158, then 159 miles an hour, finally averaging 158.6. The run had capped a week of frenzied activity in the Jones garages in Gasoline Alley; the night before qualifying, mechanics had worked until 2 a.m. "It is finally starting to feel like a racing car," Jones said when it was all over. "On race day you can bet we're going to go faster than that." In his exuberance sponsor J. C. Agajanian nudged Tony Hulman, the crisply dressed millionaire president of

the speedway and said, "Tony, if you can get a few dollars together, come on up to our room tonight and we'll play a little gin rummy."

Then the rookie, Andretti, a 25-year-old who had passed his driver's test only a few days before, burst around the track at 159.4 mph to break the single-lap record and went on to average 158.849 for 10 miles, eclipsing Clark's 1964 speed of 158.828 as well. As he rolled across the finish line his crewmen held up his pit board with the speeds chalked on it. Also printed on it was "*e sempre avanti*." He was forever ahead for a few minutes—until Jimmy Clark came along in a swirl of British racing green.

"One hundred sixty point seven," intoned the public address system, "a new track record," and the crowd produced a roar that could have been heard in Terre Haute. The next lap was 160.9 mph, another record, and Clark rolled in with a new record average speed of 160.7. "I'm a bit disappointed," he said, sounding not at all disappointed. He had not reckoned on Foyt, still in that pug-nacious mood.

For Foyt the crowd had reserved its best brand of hysteria. Pulling out of the pits as the people began to scream, he passed Rodger Ward strolling toward his car, head down and hands jammed into his coverall pockets. Foyt gave him a flashing smile and an affectionately vulgar gesture. In another moment, running through a tunnel of bedlam, he had the car up to 161.9 miles an hour. He held it at a speed so dizzying that the car flashed by the stands in a white blur, running well ahead of the howl of its engine. It was all over in four minutes; Foyt had his record and, of course, the pole, and it seemed clear there wasn't a car in the world that would approach that mark.

By Sunday evening 21 cars had qualified. Another weekend of trials remained to fill out the 33-car starting field, but the preliminaries belonged to the angry Mr. Foyt.

After his qualifying run, Foyt sat in his car at the finish line and talked to the crowd. Was he glad that he had won the pole position? Well, now, he sure was. And was he glad to have beaten Jimmy Clark? "Well," drawled A. J. Foyt, "Ah just wanted to return the record to the You-nited States." **END**



Old Guerdan Parnelli Jones, skinned with sponsor J. C. Agnew, switched from his customary roadster to a Lotus-Ford and qualified fifth. New boy Mario Andretti, Indy's most exciting rookie since Foyt and Jones, outpaced Parnelli to qualify fourth in still another Ford-engined racer.



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SONS

by WHITNEY TOWER

A brilliant foreigner whom most American horsemen doubted—although Europeans thought him the greatest—vindicated himself in the Preakness when his sons finished one-two, just a neck apart, after a stirring stretch run

A decade ago, while Americans argued the relative merits of Nashua and Swaps, a marvelous Italian horse named Ribot went through his entire career of 16 races in Italy, France and England without a defeat. When he clinched this brilliant record in 1956 with a second victory in the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, many foreign horsemen were calling him the greatest in history. And many a U.S. breeder began thinking of ways to acquire his services.

It remained for John W. Gallbreath, owner of Darby Dan Farm and the Pittsburgh Pirates (SI, June 1, 1959), to lure Ribot to his Lexington, Ky. stud on a five-year lease for \$1.35 million. Ultimately Ribot, sometimes mean and always energetic, joined such famed stallions as Swaps (whom he dislikes), Summer Tan and Sword Dancer at Darby Dan to be courted by some of the finest American mares. "But, despite his being a good foal-getter," Gallbreath said recently, "some U.S. horsemen are not completely sold on him."

Ribot is scheduled to return to stud in Milan next year, but now negotiations

are under way to bring him back permanently to Kentucky. And no wonder. Two weeks ago in the Kentucky Derby, Ribot's sons, Dapper Dan and Tom Rolfe, ran two-three behind Lucky Debonair. Last week, in the 90th Preakness, Tom and Dan ran one-two in the mile-and-three-sixteenths classic—the first time this has happened in a Triple Crown race since 1948 when Calumet's Citation and Coaltown, sons of Bull Lea, ran one-two in the Derby. The performance refuted once and for all those American critics who said that Ribot was just another overrated foreign stallion who would wind up producing run-of-the-mill horses. He has justified the wisdom of the man who brought him here.

The 90th Preakness followed form to a certain extent, but there were also some unforeseen incidents and a few casualties. Tom Rolfe himself threw his left front shoe—where, even his jockey, Ron Turcotte, does not know, for he never took an awkward step. Kentucky Derby winner Lucky Debonair backed his left front shin as he finished seventh, to put him out of action for several weeks, and

fourth-place finisher Native Charger may have ended his career when he bowed his right front tendon.

As expected, Flag Raiser set the early pace. Bill Shoemaker, on Lucky Debonair, planned again (as he did in the Derby) to stick close to Flag Raiser if he could. But, although Shoe and his horse went off as the 8-to-5 favorite, not all the other jocks in the race figured that Lucky Debonair was the horse to beat. Turcotte declared flatly, "Dapper Dan is the most dangerous." There was good reason to question Lucky Debonair's ability in this second leg of the Triple Crown. A few days before the Preakness his right hind ankle had filled and, although the swelling subsided within 24 hours, this could hardly have helped him run to his full potential. In addition Lucky Debonair obviously did not fancy Pimlico's track, which is deeper than Churchill Downs and lacks the hard base of Aqueduct.

By the time the nine starters were spread out on the run up the backstretch, Flag Raiser was giving a splendid imitation of a horse attempting to lap the field.

In his special paddock at Darby Dan Farm, frisky Ribot is surrounded by fences twice as high as normal, because he often tries to climb out.



He was five lengths in front of long shot Swift Ruler, with Lucky Debonair another three lengths behind. Although Turcotte and Tom Rolfe were running smoothly, they were six lengths behind fourth-place Native Charger and it looked then as though all of the come-from-behinders were almost hopelessly out of contention. Flag Raiser rattled off fractions of 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ for the first quarter, 46 for the first half mile and 1:10 $\frac{1}{2}$ for six furlongs—and that finished him. "He just plain stopped at the half-mile pole," said Jockey Bobby Ussery.

Surprisingly, Swift Ruler had stayed within sight of Flag Raiser for most of the early going, and as they went into the far turn he took over the lead. Native Charger now looked like the most dangerous contender, and the fact that he did not take advantage of his position may be blamed on the ailing tendons. As for Lucky Debonair, Shoemaker said, "I had to put pressure on him in the backstretch to stay up there, but he wasn't running well. It could have been his ankle, it could have been the track."

There was never a possibility that Turcotte would repeat his Kentucky Derby mistake when he tried to go inside of Ussery and Shoemaker and found himself checked as though he had run into a Fort Knox pillbox. This time Turcotte took the outside route on the far turn, and Tom Rolfe rolled around the field in a graceful arc that took him to the lead at the head of the stretch. On the

inside Dapper Dan flashed into contention. In the Derby, ironically, Turcotte and Tom Rolfe had tried to go inside, where there was no room, while Milo Valenzuela and Dapper Dan had been forced outside—where there was so much room that they lost a lot of ground. Now the positions of the two sons of Ribot were exactly reversed.

Driving down the stretch, Tom Rolfe had his race won. But suddenly Dapper Dan came up on the rail. "I pulled my horse in," said Turcotte afterwards. "I wanted to be in, but I didn't want it to be that close." He was referring to the way that Tom Rolfe ducked to the rail midway down the stretch and came close to cutting off Dapper Dan.

"There was actually no contact between us," said Valenzuela, but he felt compelled to claim a foul against Turcotte. "My horse checked himself," he added. "We had racing room, and I never had to check on my own. Still, I had to claim foul just in case." The films showed no contact, and Turcotte's tactic in closing the gap was upheld. Tom Rolfe held off Dapper Dan for the last sixteenth of a mile and won by a neck.

If the victory of this handsome colt was a triumph for international breeding, the *modus operandi* of his Powhatan stable was somewhat unusual by any standards. Not a single representative of Powhatan was present at the traditional post-position drawing at Pimlico two days before the Preakness. Owner

Raymond Guest was in Dublin, working his first month as U.S. Ambassador to Ireland. Turcotte was at New York's Aqueduct for another routine day's racing. Trainer Frank Whiteley and Tom Rolfe were enjoying the peace and quiet of nearby Laurel Race Course, far from the pressures of the inquisitive press and the TV cameras. Earlier in the week, Whiteley had vanned his colt over to Pimlico, without advance warning, to give Tom Rolfe a brisk work, and just as quietly had vanned him back to Laurel.

On the eve of the Preakness, track officials had somehow lured Whiteley, his wife and Turcotte to a dinner dance. They arrived promptly, sat passively at a table by the edge of the floor as four dancing girls threatened to twist themselves into the group's coffee cups and at exactly 10:20—before some of the guests had even arrived—marched out and home to bed. "In Kentucky," said Whiteley, "I think I talked to Ron too much before the Derby. This time I decided what he needed most of all was plenty of sleep before the race and absolutely no instructions from me."

Next month, Ambassador Guest will be back in New York to see Tom Rolfe run in the Belmont Stakes. Without instructions from anybody, Jockey Turcotte said, "The Preakness was my first \$100,000 stakes win, but it's the first of many more. If they're asking who's the horse to beat in the Belmont, my answer is Tom Rolfe. Who else?" **END**

In their private race to the wire, Tom Rolfe maintains his slender neck advantage over Dapper Dan, four lengths ahead of their closest pursuer.



MAN IN THE CHAMP'S CORNER

He is Angelo Dundee—the incomparable manager, chief second and cut man to Cassius Clay. Dundee conceives of his job, which he insists is no big schmier, as that of a combination psychologist, engineer and surgeon

by GILBERT ROGIN

I'm not an egotistical pig," Angelo Dundee, the manager of Cassius Clay, is saying, biting the ears off the rabbit's head on the end of his swizzle stick. Angelo is swarthy (100"; Calabrian blood); his nose is gracefully arched and he has large, prominent, soulful eyes, what were once called lamps. "I'm an ear-breaker," he says. "I'm also a tape-chewer." He explains that in the corner he chews adhesive tape like gum. Now, in the Playboy Club in Miami, Angelo is facing his third Irish coffee, which he doesn't count as drinking since he stopped drinking. "I'm not spectacular," he goes on. "I lead a very uneventful life. I'm an ordinary guy. Out of town, I'm only looking to run. I enjoy a very happy home life. I go fishing all the time. Last week I caught a snook. I go square dancing twice a week, don't laugh, I'm a Palm Swinger and a Grand Squire from the Northwest Shopping Center. I have my Grasshopper badge for doing it on grass. I'm a Moonlighter for dancing under the moon and a Square Duck for doing it in a swimming pool. I'm a backward type of guy. I'm not ostentatious. 'Me great hero. Me killum 9,000 Indians.' I don't go that route. It's no big schmier, the job I do."

What Angelo does is work with fighters, which, besides calling "time" and wiping off, means putting out "50 bananas" for their bail bonds, getting them a "roomski over there" and letting them beat you out of money. "Angelo is going to go down in history," says his big brother, Chris, "as the softest touch in the world."

Chris promotes boxing in Miami Beach, where Angelo shares a former desk with him; on the office walls are photographs of Chris with his arm

around the near great, the width of the lapels indicating the year they were taken. Chris never talks on less than two phones at the same time. "Hello," he says on his phones. "How are you? You're looking good." Says Chris: "Angelo's good because he's heard me over the phone all these years. He's a clean boy, he does no harm, and he has the patience of a . . . Only he could have the patience he has. It's remarkable the patience Angelo has."

"If I was the type of a person that got bugged," says Angelo, "I'd be in an insane asylum. If I have it, they got it. I know it's a bad risk, but I love fighters. Making a living at fighting is a tough contract. It's harder than working. Anybody can go to work! One day I yelled 'W-O-R-K' in the gym and six guys jumped out the window. I love fighters. I admire their hardships. It's a heart-warming thing to help these fellows. The biggest feeling is seeing something grow—the fighter growing into manhood. But sometimes you see something that looks like the best piece of merchandise in captivity and then—bam! I love fighters, but they deceive me to death."

Fortunately, not all of Angelo's fighters go bam in the middle of the ring. In addition to managing Clay, he is the manager of Willie Pastrano, who was the light heavyweight champion, the American representative of Luis Rodriguez, formerly the welterweight champion, and of Sugar Ramos, likewise the featherweight champion. "American representative" has got to be a euphemism—but for what? Angelo doesn't argue. "Call me anything," he says. "I'm working."

Says Angelo: "When you're working with a fighter, you're a surgeon, an engineer and a psychologist." He defines psychology as putting the fighter in the

best "mental frame of mind." As Angelo told one of his fighters at the end of the eighth round, when, slumped wearily on his stool, he complained that his legs were killing him, "That's a very good sign. It means you're getting your second wind." Says Angelo: "Tired is a disgusting word. You never say tired to a fighter, even if he's ready to drop from exhaustion. If he even starts thinking about being tired, you're dead."

Angelo regards Johnny Holman as his psychological masterpiece. Holman came to Miami from Chicago in 1954 after Bob Satterfield had knocked him out twice in his last three fights. "His managers were going to retire him," Angelo says. "What he needed was a change of scenery. Atmosphere has a lot to do with a fighter. In Chicago, Holman was just another heavyweight. In Miami we wanted him to feel like a somebody. When he'd come up the steps to the gym I'd have everyone primed. As he came in sight, we'd all yell, 'Big John. Hey, Big John. What do you know, Big John?' He'd laugh. We'd given him a monicker. We'd tell him things to pep him up, tell him how good he was."

"What Big John wanted more than anything else was a house—with shutters on all the windows. He'd tell me about the shutters by the hour. Now he's fighting Ernie Charles, and Charles is putting a licking on him. At the end of the fifth round I cuss him out in the corner. He wasn't used to me using the vernacular. 'What's the matter with you, Big John? This man's taking your house away from you. He's taking your shutters!' When the bell rings I threw him into the ring. He knocked Charles out."

"I always give my fighters a little lift," Angelo says. "It encourages them. In the

first few rounds it's a tap on the rear end, but after a while it's a pretty good backhand. I also drop ice down their pants, pinch the flesh about the waist or slap them high on the inside of the thigh. You got to be too homey with a fighter, it's no good. You've got to be able to get a reaction from a fighter. You've got to be impersonal. You stop working when you get too attached. You're there to assist your fighter, not to get involved emotionally."

"Angelo tees up a man," says Drew (Bundini) Brown, Clay's trainer. "When you snatch a stool, do you know what the other man is going to do? Angelo gives a man spirit. He knows how to handle men, not telling them how to throw a left hook but giving them courage. Write it on the wall; Bundini was in the joint."

"If you have Angelo in your corner," says Luis Rodriguez, "he make you win the fight. He make you work. He try to make you be smart, throw more punch. He get opponent, I never worry about, 'Ooh,' my friends say to me, 'Angelo get you that fighter! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!' I don't worry. If Angelo, he get the fight, I don't worry. In California I look for the opponent at the weigh-in. I see this tall guy. I say to myself, must be heavyweight from California. Angelo say to me that's my opponent. I say to myself, this tall guy gonna fall."

Angelo defines engineering, as it applies to seconding fighters, as "maneuvering a fighter to do the things you want him to do." To wit, this is what he told Luis Rodriguez—full of wheedle, rant and con—between rounds when Rodriguez fought Garland (Rip) Randall in Tampa last month:

1) "Outside, outside. Stay outside. Don't clinch. He hit you low, you hit him low, you understand me?"

2) "Hit him in the belly, hit him in the belly. Don't go backing up with your head in the air. Jab this guy. Drive him crazy. When he comes in—in the belly."

3) "You can't back up. You got to hit this guy in the belly. Don't sleep in there."

4) "Stay out of the clinches. Box him from the outside. Keep boxing him from

a columnist

SOULFUL GAZE of Dundee betrays a tough mind that never stops working for his boxer.



the outside. Don't stop. Please, please box. Please."

5) "Bing, bing, bing. Get out. Do what I tell you. Stay out of the clinches, stay out of the clinches. Fight this guy outside."

(To the referee, in the course of the sixth round: "Keep that bum's head out of his face, will you please.")

6) "Don't laugh. You're gonna lose. You won't listen to me. Stay out of the clinches. You're going to get cut. Come on, listen to me, will you please. Fight from the outside. Louie, listen to me."

7) "Stop holding. Bing, bing, bing. Move. This is No. 8, Louie. Bing, bing, bing. Move. In and out, in and out."

8) "Come on, Louie. Side to side. Punch for punch. Move. Louie, you're going to lose it. You won't get a return match. Double books you can hit this guy."

9) "The last two minutes I want you to fight like hell. Come on, Lou, damn it. Don't clinch. Don't laugh at this son of a bitch, Louie, I want three minutes of fighting to show the people something. No clinches!"

Rodriguez won a decision that was never in doubt.

Angelo Dundee is one of the best cut men in the business—whichever, for word, is what they say about all the other cut men in the business. Ah, but Angelo really is. "There's no trouble sewing up any of his work," one doctor says. "Angelo doesn't damage tissue." "First, you wipe away the blood with a gauze pad," Angelo explains, "then apply the coagulant. Don't rub, put on pressure. Just before the 10-second buzzer put on the final bit of pressure, then your grease. The grease goes into the cut, and it's still creating coagulation. A lot of doctors crack to me they couldn't stop the bleeding I do."

When, on the night of May 23, Angelo accompanies Cassius Clay into the ring in the Central Maine Youth Center, he will be carrying gauze pads and Q Tips—sticks broken short, tips wrapped with additional cotton—in his left shirt pocket ("It's a filthy habit, walking around with Q Tips behind your ear," says Angelo); smelling salts and absorbent cotton in his right shirt pocket; two jars of coagulant ointment, a bottle of powdered coagulant containing thromboplastin, and a jar of bismuth subgallate, a powder used in conjunction with coagulants, in his left hip pocket, three bottles of

liquid coagulants containing adrenalin, thromboplastin and Haemostatic R.C. respectively, in his right hip pocket; more gauze pads in his left back pocket; a pair of surgical scissors in his right back pocket; and a vial of smelling salts behind his right ear.

"You see why I look so fat at ringside," says Angelo.

Angelo Dundee, who is 43, was born in South Philadelphia, the second youngest of seven children, under the name of Angelo Mirena Jr. Angelo Mirena Sr., who, with his wife, came from Cosenza in Calabria and had track for a living, was originally Angelo Mirenda. "The d dropped dead somewhere," says Angelo Jr. "I taught my daddy how to write his name. I can imitate his signature today. Certain things stick out. 'Go back and dot the i, Daddy. Finish the o like that.'" Angelo and brother Chris, the second oldest, took the name Dundee from brother Joe, who worked on an ash truck for the city and fought as Joe Dundee, The Fighting Ashman. "Joe," I used to tell him," says Angelo, "call yourself, please, The Fighting Sanitation Man." Joe, intern, had taken the name Dundee from the late Johnny Dundee, who won the world featherweight championship in 1923 and whose real name was Giuseppe Carrara. Joe called himself Dundee so his father wouldn't know he was fighting. "My mother was sweetness and light and my dad could kick all of us," says Angelo, who legally changed his name in 1952, when he got married.

After high school Angelo went to work in the naval aircraft factory in Philadelphia as a final-assembly test inspector on N3Ns. "I love aircraft," says Angelo. He was drafted into the Army in 1943, where he had a dozen fights without a loss. In time he became a staff sergeant in a C-47 servicing outfit in the ETO. When Angelo was discharged, he went back to work for the Navy. However, he was shifted to inspecting radar-controlled missiles. "I didn't know what I was doing," Angelo says. "It was a degrading feeling, the mechanics knowing more than me."

In 1948 Angelo quit and went to New York to help out Chris, who was the manager of such stuck-out fighters as Ken Overlin, George Abrams and Tommy Bell. "I'll never be the hustler Chris

was," Angelo says. "He was a great hustler. Once Chris had seven fighters fighting on the same night in seven different cities. I think he has the record." In those days Chris had an office in room 711 in the old Capitol Hotel, where Angelo slept on the studio couch.

"I went to a fight the first night I was in New York," Angelo recalls. "Bobby Williams fought somebody at Fort Hamilton. Chickie Ferrara, who was handling the fighter for Chris, said, 'Wrap this guy's hands.' I said, 'What's that?' Chickie said, 'There's the bandages, there's the tape.' I said, 'What do I do?' Chickie said so this, do that. I was feeling sorry for the fighter. I'm happy to say he won the fight and didn't break his hand."

"You got to be a great listener in boxing. I listen to everybody. I use what I can to my best interest. I listen to the lowliest guys, the nothing guys, the hello-how-are-you guys. I've got a fantastic memory for voices. I'm bad on names, but I'm terrific on faces; I'm good facially. I won't want to hurt nobody. I love everybody. I have a hello, a stock greeting for everyone."

"I've watched 100 trainers wrap hands. I've copied and applied my own style. I'm always looking for edges. I'm always thinking way ahead. Nothing's too menial when you're working with fighters. When I started out I was Gunga Dinning. There's a right way of carrying a bucket, a wrong way of carrying a bucket. When I first carried the bucket I made a lot of mistakes. I spilled the bucket. You got to tilt the bottle so you don't overbalance the bucket. Just put in a little bit of ice, a small smattering of water, so it don't melt so quick."

In 1949 Chris went to Miami to promote, leaving his fighters with Angelo. Angelo followed him down in 1951. "I saw the handwriting on the wall," Angelo recalls. "All the small clubs were folding, there wasn't enough activity. I went to Cuba and started hustling down there. I learned Spanish. That's how I wound up with all my Cubans. It was public relations."

Angelo is a strong advocate of P.R. Clay's heroic poetry wasn't inspired solely by Calliope, and Angelo got Luis Rodriguez to learn English so the writers could get a kick out of his accent. "Every year I send out over 300 Christmas cards," Angelo says. "I've got a mailing list of over 100 promoters. I've

got a file of writers, fighters, managers, sportscasters. I correspond with guys all over the world. I got a guy that's a brain in England, Richard Reekie, works for me. I got a guy who went to Argentina who's raving about a light heavyweight. I've been trying for years to get a Chinese fighter. He'd be very big in Kingston, Jamaica. My phone bill is \$600 a month. I've got a girl comes in twice a week to send out propaganda. I've been in England a dozen times or more with fighters; France, Italy, Johannesburg, Accra, Japan, Nassau, Curaçao, Aruba, Jamaica, Bimini. I make a living in boxing. I'm proud of it. Any black eye on boxing is a personal affront to me. I drop lines to writers. If I'm in England I tell them about soccer. I give them guys to meet would make columns. I've learned what you can sell, what you can't."

Angelo's big break occurred in 1952, when he worked the corner for Carmen Basilio in the Baby Williams fight in Miami Beach. From then on Carmen, who went on to become welter and middleweight champion, would always bring Angelo in 10 days before he fought. "Carmen didn't like gauze on his palm," Angelo recalls. That same year a couple of kids on summer vacation from high school came to Miami from New Orleans, and Angelo picked them up at the bus station—Willie Pastrano and Ralph Dupas, later the junior middleweight champion. As Angelo says, "Everything started blossoming up."

It took three more years, however, before Angelo felt he was in enough clover to buy a home. The Dundees live on a corner lot in northwest Miami. Their modest, attractive house is bordered by crotons, which Angelo planted; the remains of a mango tree, topped by the hurricane of 1964, endures in the back yard. Angelo's wife, the former Helen Bolton, was a showroom model and is a cousin of Jackie Cranford, who was a heavyweight; this is how Angelo, who carried Cranford's bucket when he lost to Gino Benvenuti on Jan. 30, 1948, met her. Helen is as tall as Angelo; Angelo says he stipulated she had to wear low heels when they went out. "Or he said I could walk in the gutter," says Helen. The Dundees have two children, Jimmy, 10, a judoka, and Terri, 8; two dogs, T.J. Wong, a pug, and Philippe Filippi, a toy poodle named after a French fight manager; four television sets (three paid for); and an unlisted number. "I got calls from

continued



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ANGELO DUNDEE (continued)

bars in California," Angelo says. "Guys with bets. There's a three-hour time difference."

One afternoon last month, shortly before Cassius Clay left for his Chacopee, Mass. training camp, Angelo stood in the Fifth Street Gym (St. April 6, 1964), which Chris owns, admiring Clay. "You're looking at a rarity," he said, pointing to the ring. "This is the stage where the great artist performs for his audience. Before him there was no one like him. After him there'll be no one like him. This ain't every one of my fighters. This is a new kind of person, a new kind of human being. This is a special case where you can't give orders. He don't like to be yelled at when he works out. I don't yell at my fighters anyway. If I had tried to dominate Clay, we'd be throwing punches at each other. You tell him what's deficient after the workout. You use the power of suggestion. 'Gee, your left uppercut was working to perfection.' I'll say. He hadn't thrown a left uppercut, but tomorrow he will. This is my easiest job. The guy's a glutton for work. I beg him to take off."

"The value of a gymnasium—how the fighter looks—is nil, as long as he works and trains. None of my fighters have fights in the gym. I don't want no wars. You don't take lickings in the gym. You practice it. When you get in the ring, you do it. I don't like guys to have great chins. I like those guys who don't want to get hit. A chin is like a concrete block. If water keeps chipping it, it cracks. I don't like those guys who cut razor blades and hang their heads against the wall. None of my fighters use grease in the gym. Don't depend on grease. Slip the punches. I don't like guys who fight with their face. I have a habit of winning fighters. If you want longevity, have a good defense."

"Look how Cassius lets his brother hit him in the body. It's his theory—it toughens the body. How can you rap perfection? The guy's never been licked. Take Luis Rodriguez. He runs at night, because he says he doesn't fight in the morning. He drinks a bottle of stout before a fight. If it makes him feel good, it's good. Another cardinal sin—hitting the bag with bare hands. Cassius feels that it toughens the hands. Every fighter's a different study. A fighter got to be an individualist. And to be an individualist; proper English. I know all

my fighters, because it's all I knew."

Angelo first met Clay in Louisville in 1958, on the eve of the Pastrano-Holman fight. "Big John's managers got it into their head they could lick Pastrano. 'No,' I said. 'What do you want it for?' A Holman can never lick a Willie. I've seen them fight 1,000 rounds in the gym." But it was a windfall for me—Clay called up on the lobby phone. My name is Cassius Clay, he said. I won the Golden Gloves. I won this. I won that. After this long list of accomplishments he tells me how good he was. He came up to the room and questioned Willie and me about boxing for three hours. 'Don't you want to manage me?' he said. 'Don't you want no money?' You're not with it," I said. "I live in Miami. You want to be a fighter, come and see me."

Which, of course, is what eventually happened. The Louisville Sponsoring Group hired Angelo as Clay's trainer at \$125 a week plus bonuses, and Clay came on down. "I didn't make no money with Clay until the last fight," Angelo says. "Twenty grand in three years." When Bill Faversham, who had been acting as Clay's manager, suffered a coronary in November, Dundee took over as manager.

"Angelo was ideal for me," Clay said after he had finished sparring. "He'll listen to whatever you want to say. He considers how his fighters feel. I knew just about all the art of it before I met Angelo. He showed me a few mistakes, so I corrected them. He showed me the best way to shoot the left—"

"You never take from a fighter," said Angelo. "You always add to. His jab was a flick. Then it got to be a weapon."

"... right uppercut—" said Clay.

"I borrowed that from Basilio," said Angelo.

"... left hook," said Clay. "Body punches. There ain't never no boss between me and Angelo. We discuss things on a sensible basis. I've never seen Angelo really mad, arguing, fussing. He's always jolly and playful. We have a lot of fun together. Plus a lot of places he can go with me because he's half colored."

While Cassius was hitting the speed bag Angelo said, "They didn't see him at his best the last time. At his best he'll destroy Liston. Everything he does counteracts Liston's best points. Brute strength can't lick science, speed, reflexes." Angelo took out a sheaf of photographs. "I had this guy take these pic-

(continued)



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"I like Schweppervescence. It tickles my nose."



tures for me of Liston sparring," he said, "somebody like a fight fan. You can see Liston's in good shape. I'm just hoping he'll overwork. An old body can't overwork. He's bending in here, legs wide-spread. Cassius can slip off a clinch, throw punches and Liston won't be able to get at him because of that widespread stance. In this one his left hand is down and he's getting hit with a jab. His left leg is pointed to the left. Cassius can slip to the right and nail him. Notice how deep and evenly his feet sink into the canvas. You can't change directions when you're like that. Look how tight the muscles in Liston's legs are. He's too set. Look at this—he's coming in with his hands low, left foot off the canvas. A right-hand counter is liable to upset him. In this one Liston can't go to his left because his legs are pointing right. He ain't going to change his stripes. He comes from the book.

"He has one way to win. A K.O. punch early. If he tries to be more exacting, he'll get messed up more. Those wild hooks last time might have been an asset. A couple of times he missed Cassius by that much. If he looks to load up, Cassius'll keep picking, keep picking. He'll try to put Cassius up against the ropes, keep him there, but what people don't realize, Clay is very strong.

"Last time Clay circled Liston. This time he's going to go back and forth, in and out. I'm just going to give him the basic things in the corner. Stay in the center of the ring, don't drop your left. I'll tell him Liston's trying to set him up for hooks, and to play the ring. Don't worry if you see me rubbing Cassius' side around the third or fourth round. A lot of people misinterpret that. He just likes me to do that for him. All I got to install in Clay is one thing—box!"

Angelo put the photographs aside and came across a letter he had neglected to mail. "It's to the mother of one of my fighters," he said. "I'm dropping her a line, telling her her son is all right."

Angelo saw that Cassius was through with the speed bag. He hustled over to the wall and pulled Clay's rubbing table out so he could do his bicycling on it and at the same time watch his brother Rudy sparring.

"I moved the table," Angelo whispered. "He saw me. Case in point, nothing's too menial when you're working with fighters."

END

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JAMES FLORA

by BILL VEECK with ED LINN

OCTOPUS UNDER THE BIG EYE

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Deplored the coercive—if not illegal—methods used to force American League owners to approve the CBS purchase of the New York Yankees, Bill Veeck discloses that one key voter happens to be

the owner of 40,000 shares of CBS stock. This fact, along with a number of others not previously reported, persuades Veeck that the CBS purchase may yet be canceled by Government authorities.

CONTINUED

It never ceases to amaze me how many of baseball's wounds are self-inflicted. Take the sale of the New York Yankees to CBS.

Since I am known to deal in ball clubs the way more worthy men deal in antiques, I am usually well aware of what clubs are available. For instance, if you are in the market for a club right now, hire an Indian guide to paddle you across Lake Erie, get off at Detroit and ask the corner cop to direct you to Tiger Stadium. One cautionary note: bring money, lots of it.

I heard perhaps three years ago that Frank Stanton, president of CBS, had some slight interest in buying the Yankees, and there was vague talk floating around from time to time that the Yankees were among the teams that could be had. Del Webb's participation in the affairs of the club had been rather limited for years, and Dan Topping, who had once thrilled to being part of the great sport scene, had found that one championship was getting pretty much like another. Besides, Webb and Topping had long since stopped seeing eye to eye.

When I first heard the rumors I called Roy Hamcy, then Yankee general manager, and Roy let me know that, sure enough, if a tax angle could be worked out the club could be had. Over the next couple of years the rumors kept smoldering just often enough to demonstrate to the true connoisseur that there was a little bit of fire down below.

Then on Thursday, August 6, 1964 the smoke signals began to rise in clouds. I received a call from an old Chicago friend, Jerry Loeb, Loeb is a close friend of Henry Crown, who is, among other things, the largest stockholder in General Dynamics. He and Connie Hilton—of the Hilton Hiltons—had been among my backers in the foredoomed attempt to buy the old Athletics from the Mack family in 1954 for immediate delivery to Los Angeles. Since those days Crown and I have had a running project—conversational only—to buy the Cubs from Phil Wrigley and force-feed such comforts as night baseball and winning ball clubs to the underprivileged North Side of Chicago.

Jerry Loeb was calling to tell me that Webb had just offered the Yankees to Henry Crown. Since Crown was not interested, Jerry was passing the informa-

tion on to me—I assume at the suggestion of Crown—for whatever it might be worth. Well, over the years the Yankees have been a good club, a winning club, a bonny club, but they are not the club for me. I want a club like the Washington Senators that I can build and promote and romance and have some sense of accomplishment about. What are you going to do with the Yankees that hasn't been done? Win another pennant?

I've got friends too, though, so I quickly called Hank Greenberg to pass the information on to him. Henry was not interested either. He felt that the economics of baseball were such that you could no longer handle that kind of deal by getting a syndicate together. You had to have some kind of corporate structure going for you to pick up the original sale price and absorb any operating losses.

There was one other consideration that had to give you pause, too. Whenever anybody is anxious to sell something, it is well to examine the merchandise. When Topping and Webb run, the ship may not be sinking but the deck is awash. The word was out that Topping, with all his assets, was in need of cash, which is more than understandable when you consider what he has paid out in alimony and such through the years. Still, you could not ignore the cold, heartwarming fact that Casey Stengel's little Mets were in the process of outdrawing the Yankees by almost half a million fans. If the Yankee owners weren't frightened they had reason, at the very last, to be thinking long, deep thoughts.

And then there was that ball park, the massive and legendary Yankee Stadium, complete with tradition and statuary. Well, the massive and legendary Yankee Stadium has been wrestling with a parking problem for years. The stands have reached the stage where they are not only in need of a little fixing here and there but will soon be in need of a complete overhauling and rehabilitation. The Yankees don't own Yankee Stadium—about three other organizations do—but the Yankees are responsible for its upkeep. At today's prices, as CBS will shortly discover, a complete overhaul will stack them for another million or two.

Most important of all, there was the ball club itself. Studying it objectively,

you had to come to the conclusion that at the time of the sale the team was falling apart even more rapidly than the park. Mantle's leg had become a day-to-day proposition. Whitey Ford's arm had been troubling him. Maris had never quite recovered from the shock of hitting 61 home runs. The Yankees were, if you remember, dropping further and further out of the pennant race. There was little doubt that this was the kind of situation in which the seller would wake up far happier the next morning than the buyer.

The following Thursday, August 13, I received an early-morning call from a New York man who has no connection whatsoever with baseball. He was calling to tip me off that the Yankees were in the process of being sold to CBS. Within half an hour I received a second call, from a baseball man this time, passing on the same information.

To check it, I called Gabe Paul of the Indians in Cleveland. Gabe confirmed that CBS had just bought 80% of the club and that the league office was asking for an immediate telephone-and-telegram vote to approve it. Gabe, in fact, had received a personal phone call from American League President Joe Cronin, buttonholing him electronically, an indication that Gabe was looked upon as a possible security risk.

In my usual spirit of helpfulness I did what I could to undermine Cronin but, although Gabe was hardly delirious with joy, he felt that the Yankees were entitled to dispose of their property as they saw fit. He did promise, at my request, that he would call me back as soon as the deal was either approved or disapproved.

I was keeping abreast of the developments not only because I'm nosy, which I am, but because that original call from the nonbaseball man had made it clear that the news of the sale was hardly restricted to the 10 ball clubs. Bob Fishel, a close personal friend, is the publicity director of the Yankees, and it was perfectly apparent to me that unless he moved quickly the story was going to break over his head. It was also perfectly apparent to anybody of normal intelligence that the reaction was going to be brutal, even under the best of circumstances.

I kept calling Bob at his Yankee office, but I couldn't get him. At about noon

continued



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Gabe Paul called back to let me know that the Yankees had the eight votes they needed.

When Fishel still wasn't at his office, it finally dawned on me that he must have gone down to CBS, which is only about five blocks away. I was right. Bob had been there all morning trying to get permission to give the story to the press, in all its details, while they still had some measure of control over the way it would be presented. Needless to say, he was unable to convince anybody over there that buying the Yankees had to be handled any differently from announcing that CBS had just signed another big singer.

I just missed him at CBS. I had put the call in to Stanton's office, though, and I could at least console myself with the thought that I had given the boys a thrill by making them aware that I knew what was going on. Because if I knew, who else?

Within the next few minutes I received back-to-back calls from two other clubs. Having decisively given their assent, they had decided to let good Ole Will in on the news and, just incidentally, to ask me what I thought the reaction was going to be.

"I think that you patsies are going to be clobbered," I told them. "And you think so, too, or you wouldn't be asking me. Boy, it must have been like feeding time at the zoo. They throw the trained seals a fish, and you just stand there with your little mouths open wide and gulp it down. What's the matter, have you finally figured out that you've swallowed a dead fish? Is the smell beginning to get to you?"

By the time Bob Fishel returned my call, I could tell him that I had heard about the sale from all around the country, which meant that it was just a matter of hours or maybe even minutes before one of the news services picked it up. Bob knew it even better than I did, but his hands were tied, which is the history of his career with the New York Yankees.

As it turned out, NBC had been handed the story very early in the day from a source that was mischievous enough to want to see NBC break CBS's own story. The newsbreak had been delayed only because the source had given NBC the story with the understanding that they had to find somebody else to attribute it to. (No, the source wasn't me. I am holding back the name, because I would be

breaking a confidence if I divulged it.) In digging up an attributable source NBC had apparently come to the conclusion that Charles O. Finley was the owner most likely to be opposed to the sale. Finley wasn't at his Kansas City office, but they were able to track him down without too much difficulty in Chicago. Which was quite interesting, since the American League office was somehow unable to contact Finley during this same time to let him cast his vote. They still hadn't been able to contact him hours later when Cronin finally sent him a telegram stating that the sale had already been approved.

Now, Cronin and the nine other owners in the American League may suffer Finley ungladly, but he is a member of the lodge, nonetheless, and is entitled to the elementary courtesy of being permitted to cast his vote. Still, I can understand how Cronin felt. He just couldn't wait to let Topping and CBS know that he had followed their instructions to the letter.

Eight votes were needed to approve the new owners. Art Alyn of the White Sox and Finley—*ex post facto*—had voted against it. That meant one more negative vote would have killed the sale. The key vote—the vote that failed—had been Baltimore, for it was in Baltimore that the most involved maneuverings had taken place.

On the morning of August 13, Joe Igglehart awoke with an embarrassment of riches. Igglehart was not only the chairman of the board of directors and the largest single stockholder of the Baltimore baseball club, he was also a director and chairman of the finance committee at CBS. He was, that is, until 10 o'clock that morning, when he thoughtfully handed in his resignation, a nimble piece of footwork that would have eliminated any possible accusation of conflict of interest if he had not also happened to hold 40,000 shares of CBS stock worth \$1,720,000.

Well, there was one other little problem, too. In addition to being one of the largest single stockholders of CBS, Igglehart was—and continues to be—an officer of W. E. Hutton & Co., a brokerage house that is fortunate enough to number CBS among its clients.

The wise course of action for Igglehart to have followed under these somewhat restricting conditions would have been to withhold his vote. Since Igglehart

hadn't filled up his safe-deposit box with all that stock by following unwise courses, that was precisely what he hoped to do. Calling a hasty Baltimore board meeting, he was able to get six other members together. Unfortunately, they split right down the middle. (Two of the three who voted to approve the sale were Jack Dunn, who works for the club and would, therefore, be rather unlikely to vote against the wishes of the chairman of the board of directors, and Lee MacPhail, who not only works for the club but whose brother, Bill, is the sports director of CBS.)

If the deadlock had been allowed to stand, Baltimore would have had to pass its vote, which, under the circumstances, would have been tantamount to a negative vote. Only seven clubs would have given their approval, and CBS would have been canceled. Igglehart had to cast his vote to break the deadlock. Thus it was his vote—the vote of a major stockholder of CBS—which put the deal through.

Art Alyn now strode to the center of the stage, bellowing like an angered bull. The only defect in Cronin's telephone-and-telegram vote, Art said, was that it was clearly illegal. The American League bylaws specified, Art pointed out, that any action on an application for a change of ownership was to be considered at a formal league meeting, upon receipt of a 15-day notice, unless acceptance of that change was routine and unanimous.

Unanimous. Any organization from the U.S. Senate on down can suspend any rule it wants by unanimous vote, for the very sound and sensible reason that there's nobody to object to it.

Once it was established that there was going to be opposition—yes, even if it had come only from Finley—it was incumbent upon Cronin to abide by the league rules.

Nor could anyone claim that the opposition was purely capricious. Art Alyn wasn't throwing down penalty flags because he is a fanatic on rules and technicalities; his real concern went to the underlying reason why the sale had been jammed through without notice and without debate.

And, brother, had it ever been jammed through! On August 10, only three days before the request for approval went out, the American League had gathered in Chicago to discuss, among other

continued



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things, a projected Monday-night television package. Somehow not a word had been breathed about any potential sale of the Yankees while all the owners were gathered together in one room!

The Yankees would seem to have had every reason for wanting to relieve the owners of the rigors of debate. Once the owners began to talk about welcoming CBS into the club, they would very quickly have recognized the antitrust problems they were sticking their heads into. Beyond that, if there had been any advance notice, the press outcry, which was 99%, against the sale, could not have helped but make its presence felt inside the room.

The operational code, as Art Allyn told his colleagues when Cronin finally did call a meeting, was "Vote now, think later." The Yankees had done their best to unraffle Allyn's leathers, but Arthur wasn't in the mood to be soothed. He not only thought the sale to CBS was a mistake, but he resented the arrogance with which the Yankees had bullied it through.

Arrogance is a Yankee trademark; it comes with the franchise. But the Yankees had shown more than mere arrogance this time. Topping and Webb had displayed a contempt for the rest of the league—to say nothing at all about an indifference to the greater welfare of baseball—that set a new low even by Yankee standards.

It is no secret that baseball has been engaged in a highly successful rearguard action against being placed under the restrictions of the antitrust laws ever since that delightful day in 1922 when the Supreme Court granted us an exemption on the grounds that baseball was "not a commercial enterprise." Of course not. Baseball, like kousharking, is a humanitarian enterprise. (When the Supreme Court says baseball isn't run like a business, everybody jumps up and down with joy. When I say the same thing, everybody throws pointy objects at me. Why is that, Doc?)

While this exemption has never really come close to slipping away, there have been a few moments of quiet apprehension. When, for instance, the Supreme Court refused to grant boxing a similar exemption in 1955, Justice Felix Frankfurter had the audacity to write in his minority opinion, "It would buffle the subtlest ingenuity to find a single differentiating factor between other sport-

ing exhibitions . . . and baseball."

Now, one of the troubles with discussing a subject like this is that nobody ever says what he means. No one really believes that baseball isn't a business, not you or me or Anna Maria Albergheiti. What we really believe is that baseball is entitled to its special exemption because of its special character and the special position it holds in the national life. I go along with that. I also believe we could exist very nicely without the reserve clause, but that's another story.

With the Supreme Court beginning to look as if it may cop out on us at any time, baseball, which is no less alert to the court's subversive tendencies than any hard-working southern Senator, has been pushing to get its exemption written into the law. And you can't blame us. After all, what faith can anyone have in a Supreme Court that doesn't know a business when it sees one?

On August 4, 1964, a grand day for the game of baseball, that long-sought-after sports bill, which had been introduced by Senator Philip Hart of Michigan (who is married to one of the daughters of Walter O. Briggs, late owner of the Detroit Tigers), was reported out (favorably) of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary.

The Hart bill put all professional team sports under antitrust, but exempted them from all rules pertaining to player contracts and territorial rights, plus all rules and actions aimed at preserving public confidence in the honesty of the games. In brief, sports were going to be legislatively exempted from antitrust by a law which put them under antitrust, a marvelous exercise in opening and closing a door at the same time. Emanuel Celler, the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, was apparently ready to go along. A swift and automatic approval was assured.

This was the time the Yankees picked—nine days after the bill was reported out of committee—to sell the club to one of the largest of all communications companies.

The first howls of protest had barely died down before action on the sports bill was postponed indefinitely. The bill was relegated to a sort of legislative left field, and when the 88th Congress adjourned, the bill was automatically dead.

Phil Hart, having shepherded the bill through his subcommittee, might have been expected to be somewhat upset

at finding himself standing in the national spotlight with egg all over his face. But no matter how much he may have grumbled privately, Hart gritted his teeth and remained a true and faithful baseball man. The fact that John E. Fetzer, the Detroit president, also owns three TV stations in Michigan (including a CBS affiliate) had not a thing to do with it. Since when have politicians been reluctant to offend their local TV moguls?

Undiscouraged, Hart again introduced his sports bill when Congress reconvened. An ensuing Senate Judiciary subcommittee hearing to study in part the CBS purchase did have a certain antic charm, especially for all of us loyalists who haven't felt Washington was quite the same since Ev and Charlie broke up. As belittled his position, CBS President Frank Stanton was the principal witness. CBS had already shown how eager it was to cooperate with its new colleagues by turning down the opportunity to sign the Yankees with the major league television package that had recently been bought by ABC, an understandable enough corporate decision once you realize that CBS had the Yankees under contract for its own weekend presentation. There were those who felt the value of the ABC package had been diminished by the withdrawal of the most glamorous of all teams, but Stanton cleared up that misconception by explaining how the ABC program was just as well off without the Yankees as a host team. I throw that in only to assure all CBS stockholders—including Iglehart—that there will never be a shortage of comedians while Stanton is running the show.

Ford Frick put on his usual glittering performance, telling the fascinated Senators how he had alertly consulted his own (that is, the commissioner's) counsel, who had told him—you'll never guess!—that it was a league affair. Ever vigilant, Frick had also consulted counsel to make sure there were no troublesome antitrust implications in the sale. As near as we can make out, counsel told him that they probably weren't violating any laws, because CBS's lawyers had told him so. Can't ask for a more objective opinion than that.

As for Phil Hart, he announced that he believed the opposition to the bill triggered by the news of the acquisition was to some extent unjustified. Which would seem to mean that it was also to some extent justified. Lest anybody

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VEECK continued

think he was caving, however. Hart congratulated baseball for its willingness to submit itself to his bill, the rough equivalent of congratulating your 5-year-old child for accepting a lollipop.

The only trouble with this submission was that Celler, over in the House, was no longer willing to go along. Celler went so far as to meet with Milwaukee County officials and advise them to file an anti-trust suit against the departing Braves.

If I were CBS I would keep that Big Eye firmly focused upon the developing events in Milwaukee, because these two starring examples of baseball's gross mismanagement are embarked, rather fittingly, upon a collision course.

If the Milwaukee suit ever reaches the courts the Justice Department, which has shown a peculiar lack of interest in the CBS affair, will be called upon, however reluctantly, to explain its position. That's when the trouble will start. Here's why. In his 1955 minority opinion on boxing's request for exemption Justice Frankfurter saw fit to make the purely gratuitous observation that baseball was profiting far more than boxing from the mass communications media. "This opinion," he said, "is concerned only with the sport as such, and not with the arrangements by which mass media show or report bouts." Frankfurter indicated that such arrangements are beyond the scope of baseball's exemption.

This means that if baseball ever comes before the court again, it stands an excellent chance of losing its exemption on the grounds that even though it may be a sport on the field, it is, through its radio and television contracts, engaged in interstate commerce.

Before CBS, baseball could have made a case that, technically speaking, which is the best way to speak when you are in trouble, it did not telecast its games itself, that it merely sold the rights to permit its games to be telecast. And if you had a favorably disposed court you might even get away with it.

But not with CBS in the lineup. With CBS in the lineup you have a communications network that by its nature can perform a miracle of interstate traffic, crossing all state lines at the same time.

The real sticking point to the CBS purchase, though—the overriding, irreducible problem—is that CBS has bought a ball club and joined an organization with which it was already

continued



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If you had two wishes, what would the second one be?

doing business. In 1964 the Yankees were one of five host teams for CBS's *Game of the Week* show under a contract that paid them \$550,000 for the year. Now the show has been renamed the *Yankee Baseball Game of the Week*, and the Yankees will be allowed to keep all the money themselves. Last season, after many a false start, an anti-Yankee group got together to demand that the Yankees split the proceeds with the opposition. Well, the history of the American League is rich with anti-Yankee cabals in which the rebels marched bravely and resolutely into the meeting and collapsed as soon as the first shot was fired. This time they had made their vows in blood, so the collapse wasn't complete. The Yankees, in an unaccustomed burst of good fellowship, agreed to keep only 75% of the money for themselves and permit the visiting clubs to split the remaining 25%. Not this year, you understand, but in 1966. No sense letting the patsies get the smell of the loot in their nostrils too early.

Let's examine the CBS *Yankee Baseball Game of the Week*, with its attendant problems, in the narrowest possible sense, that is, only as it concerns baseball, not as it may very well concern the Government. As things stand at the moment, CBS is getting those games for nothing, because it is paying itself \$550,000. Assuming CBS renews its present contract next year, it will be paying itself only \$412,500 while the rest of the clubs will be cutting up \$137,500. No matter how much CBS pays the Yankees it will still be getting them for nothing, a figure which the opposition would find very difficult to match. So much for fair competition.

When it pays the other teams CBS, owner of the Yankees, will be contributing to the financial support of other clubs. You can't do that. There is a rule prohibiting it. Major League Rule (20), dealing with conflicting interests.

If the rule were enforced and CBS were ordered to abandon its *Yankee Baseball Game of the Week*, baseball would lose a source of income. And that's the least of the problems. To be consistent, CBS should not be allowed to bid on the World Series, the All-Star Game or anything else. That means the bidding for those two fantastically lucrative sources would be restricted to the other two networks, NBC and ABC, with a corresponding loss of

continued

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VEECK continued

competition and, therefore, of income.

Let's not worry about the baseball rules, though. It has been perfectly apparent from the beginning that baseball considers its own rules eminently collapsible where powerful interests such as CBS and the Yankees are concerned.

The only question at this point would seem to be whether the Justice Department cares. In November, after the sale had been consummated, the Justice Department leaked the story that it had studied the transaction over the weekend—what prodigies of legal scholarship must have gone into that—and decided that no suit would be brought.

After the Senate Judiciary subcommittee hearing, it leaked information again that it had dropped its investigation (what investigation?) but that it always could be reopened if necessary.

The Justice Department leak also made it clear, however, that it hadn't for one moment bought the baseball establishment's defense that CBS would have little influence since it only controlled one team out of 26. The Justice Department, it was said, still maintains that the AL champs control most of the moneymaking machinery in the majors and hold the most power.

The leak is interesting on several counts. Here is an obviously authorized statement to which nobody wants to put his name. If I were a crank I might point out that Paul Porter, baseball's eminent counsel, is a law partner of Abe Fortas, who happens to be one of President Johnson's closer friends and associates. Fortas was Bobby Baker's original lawyer during his time of travail. I'll tell you something. If I were dealing with anybody in Washington these days, I'd be mighty proud to have Paul Porter representing me.

You will notice, too, that in walking away from the investigation the Justice Department was very careful to leave the door wide open. If it is forced by circumstances to take action, it will not have worked itself into the embarrassing position of having completely reversed itself.

It should be clear enough by now that in negotiating any contract with baseball—and certainly any contract with the Yankees—CBS is sitting on both sides of the table at the same time. It is both buyer and seller. The Justice Department in days gone by has taken the very stuffy position that under the capitalist sys-

tem the buyer and the seller must have interests that are not only different but that are in distinct opposition. The seller is supposed to be trying to get the highest possible price, and the buyer is supposed to be trying to get the lowest possible price. The name of that game, I believe, is competition.

The precedents would seem to have been there for everybody to see. For instance, some dozen years ago the moving picture companies owned their own theaters, that is, they made moving pictures and then sold them to themselves (in the form of distributing subsidiaries). The Government told them they had to divest themselves of their theaters. The Justice Department took the position that it wasn't even good enough to let their distributors bid against other distributors, since the possibility of collusion was too great. Now that would seem to a layman to be a close parallel.

The law is so clear on this and the prosecution so vigorous that some moving picture companies did not choose to fight it out in court.

Make no mistake about this. The possibility still exists that sooner or later CBS will be given the alternative of divesting itself of the New York Yankees or foregoing the right to either broadcast or televise baseball games. If CBS takes the first option the American League will have suffered its troubles for the sake of being confronted with a new crisis. If CBS takes the second option baseball has lost CBS as a source of income.

It is entirely possible, of course, that if the owners had been given the time to consider all these potential booby traps to debate them openly and to seek legal advice—they would have plunged ahead and welcomed CBS into the clan with open arms anyway. But they were certainly entitled to know what they might be getting themselves into. Which is precisely what Art Allyn told the owners at the September 9 meeting in Boston.

Allyn didn't force that meeting. Neither did the cries of pain from the press and public. The American League is fortunate in having a president who is not swayed by predictions of disaster—possibly because he does not understand them—and the game of baseball a commissioner who has become a legend in his own time.

But if Cronin and Frick were undismayed, CBS was beginning to wonder



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whether that kind of publicity was really doing them any good. CBS Chairman of the Board William Paley wrote a letter to Dan Topping, which was promptly made public. "We are now greatly disturbed," he wrote, "that there appears to be some question about the League's method of polling its members and by allegations that CBS has been a party to secretive and even high-handed manipulations . . ."

Allyn and Finley could howl through the night in vain. CBS and Topping had only to ask. Through the magic of television the clock was turned back so that the sale could be put to a vote in, of all things, the manner prescribed by the rules.

And this time the sale came so close to being defeated—so much closer than the public ever learned—that it is still a mystery as to what finally happened.

The swing club here, once again, was Baltimore. A couple of days before the league was to meet in Boston, the major stockholders of the Orioles gathered together in secret conclave. Joe Igichart was notably absent. This time around, they decided, Baltimore would pass its vote. Assuming Finley was still with Allyn, that would be enough to defeat the proposition.

Allyn came to the meeting beautifully prepared. In a scrupulously documented appeal he outlined all the problems baseball would be taking upon itself. As the first order of business, he proposed that the league hire a wholly independent counsel on the antitrust laws to make a complete study, and that "consideration of the application for admission of CBS as a member of the American League be postponed" until the report came back.

When this resolution came to a vote, the Baltimore club did vote along with Allyn and Finley. Three votes were not enough to pass the resolution, of course, but the Baltimore vote stunned the meeting. It was obvious now that if the same lineup held on the substantive vote, CBS was dead.

As a result it was not brought to an immediate vote. Instead, the Yankees spent the day romancing Baltimore without, from all appearances, any success. Webb had to leave for the coast to appear at a Boy Scout banquet, and when he walked out of the room he had no doubt that the deal was dead.

Topping left the room twice, thinking

continued



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he had lost. He even confided to a news-
paper friend that he had another buyer
ready to take over.

As I say, I just don't know what hap-
pened there at the end. Either Iglehart
was able to bring the Baltimore people
around, the Yankees were able to con-
tem again or they just folded. At any
rate, when the vote was finally taken,
Baltimore voted aye.

The others all held to their previous
votes, so, in a way, I suppose you do have
to say that the owners, apprised of the
risks, went ahead anyway.

Some of the votes aren't too hard to
understand. Fetzner and Gene Autry of
Los Angeles are both in the radio-TV
business themselves, and they both have
CBS outlets. They'd go along with the
big network and worry about the prob-
lems later.

Gabe Paul felt he might be going to
the league someday for permission to
move out of Cleveland, so he held to
the philosophical position that a club
has the right to do anything it wants
with its property. Jim Johnson of Wash-
ington is in the brokerage business; he
understands this kind of deal. He's mes-
merized by the glamour of the Yankees,
anyway.

Boston surprised me. I thought Tom
Yawkey would be the man to step in
and call a halt. But then Yawkey and
Cal Griffith of Minnesota will always go
along with Cronin, and Cronin was
pushing hard for approval. As for Cron-
in, he follows in Frick's shadow—if
Frick were substantial enough to cast a
shadow. And Frick goes with the power.

There was still one final scene to be
played before the final commercial. That
was the matter of Iglehart's stock.

Art Allyn's testimony before the Sen-
ate Judiciary subcommittee had been
surprisingly moderate, his passion
strangely muted. He felt that the power
of the Yankees had been broken. Art
was a member of a six-man committee—
three AL and three NL owners—that
had been appointed by Cronin and War-
ren Giles to work out the conflict-of-
interest problems, and he was under
the impression he had an agreement that
Iglehart would be forced to sell one of
his blocks of stock. With that gesture of
good faith offered to the public, the
committee was then going to modify
and rewrite the rule so that it could ac-
commodate the modern breed of own-
ers with their highly diversified holdings.

Frick had told Senate investigators:
"If another owner has a big interest in
CBS, of course he will have to get rid
of it. . . . We are working out ways of
handling the situation and we take it
very seriously." Allyn knew better than
to thank anybody paid any attention to
Frick, of course. He thought he had an
agreement because when the six-man
committee had met they had signed a
report accepting his guide lines. Then
they walked into the joint meeting of the
two leagues in Clearwater, Fla. and re-
pudiated their signatures.

The owners gave Iglehart a somewhat
wider choice. In addition to the simple
choice of 1) getting rid of his CBS stock
or 2) getting rid of his Baltimore stock,
he was given the option of 3) putting his
CBS stock in trust. This was tantamount
to giving him the choice of cutting off
his right arm, cutting off his left arm or
clipping his fingernails.

After what were undoubtedly agoniz-
ing moments of soul-searching, Iglehart
decided to go for the manœuvre. His
decision wasn't really too surprising,
though, since it was precisely the solu-
tion he himself had offered at the Boston
meeting. The assembled owners had sim-
ply voted to ignore their own rule.

All the trust means is that he doesn't
vote his stock. The dividends will still
be piling up, and I presume he is still
entitled to sneak a look at the morning
quotations and even glance casually at
the quarterly earning reports.

Arthur Allyn, who was flaming, com-
tended that he had been doublecrossed,
an accusation that undoubtedly brought
blushes of shame to every face in the
room. He was so furious that he left
the room and said he was going to wire
Senator Hart, demanding that his testi-
mony before the subcommittee be stricken
from the record. A few days later,
when I spoke with Arthur on the phone,
he was still fuming. "I always thought
you had gone overboard on what you
said about those guys," he told me,
"and I want to apologize. You didn't
go far enough. Those creeps are even
worse than you ever said they were."

NEXT WEEK

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Though it conceivably could—and does—annoy the Phillies' other announcers, their perfectionist colleague **Rickie Ashburn** just can't keep quiet when someone muffs a high pop fact. If a colleague happens to say that some player hit a ball real well, converted center fielder and two-time batting champion Ashburn, who knows something about hits, is very apt to comment that the hitter really didn't get good wood on it. Recently the Phils played an extra-inning, four-hour game with the Cardinals. The play-by-play man remarked that both teams were running short of manpower, setting up the following dialogue. Play-by-play man: "But the Cardinals still have Ed Spiezio on the bench, and he's been a real hot hitter this spring." Ashburn, from off camera: "If Spiezio is going to hit, he'd better have a long bat. The Cardinals sent him to Jacksonville eight days ago."

After a long stalk of his quarry, **James Bond** killed quickly, silently and painlessly. Then, in a variation of technique not yet screened in any neighborhood theater, Bond skinned his victim and sent him back to headquarters to be stuffed. "One hundred years from now this may be the last known specimen of the Es-

kimo curlew," crowed Bond, curator of birds at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. He hadn't been so excited since **Author Ian Fleming** borrowed the name of Author James Bond (*Birds of the West Indies*) to christen Secret Agent 007.

French Actress Capucine (below), no threat at Le Mans, was nevertheless practicing hard for her go-kart racing scene in the forthcoming film *What's New, Pussycat?*, putting along the French countryside in one of the contraptions.

Green Bay Packer Guard Jerry Kramer, who missed most of last season because of mysterious abdominal pains, now knows why. He has just had one two-inch and two four-inch splinters removed by surgery, souvenirs of an attempt to red-dog a calf 11½ years ago. As a 17-year-old, Jerry was chasing the animal around his family's ranch at Sand Point, Idaho, when the calf jumped on a board. The board splintered and lodged a substantial portion of itself in the youthful cattle-barasser's body. Surgery at the time was supposed to have removed all the splinters. Kramer now has three new toothpicks to prove it didn't.

Artist Rosalyn Drexler, whose first novel—the narcissistic, hotly debated *I Am the Beautiful Stranger*—has created quite a splinter on the literary scene, attended a cocktail party celebrating the book's publication. Between drinks and hors d'oeuvres, the author spoke of her kaleidoscopic life—painter, sculptress, lady wrestler, playwright, mother of two children and gym-class truant. She was expelled. Rosalyn remembered, from Manhattan's High School of Music and Art because she had cut too many gym classes. She then joined a troupe of women wrestlers on a southern swing and grappled across Dixie under the nom de guerre of Rosa Carlo, The Mexican Spitfire. Her novel is not about lady wrestlers, but the "beautiful stranger" does happen to be a girl who was expelled from Music and Art high school for skipping gym classes.

When, at the age of 62, still with 20-20 vision in both eyes, **Baron George Bess Wrangell** hung up his eye patch three years ago, his employers had to find a new Hathaway shirt man. At last they have. Sailing back from somewhere in the Caribbean—the Bahamas, C. F. Hathaway Company thinks—is Wrangell's successor, one **Colin Leslie Fox**. Hathaway, after a long search for a man with "that masculine quality we were looking for," believes Fox has proper credentials. He is a former London bookie, fight promoter, boxer, race-car driver and solo transatlantic sailor.

Many a late-starting hatter, suffering through his annual spring slump, is driven to dark moods and sulking, to neglecting his dinner and being mean to his wife. But Philadelphia Outfielder **Johnny Callison**, a member of the breed, has learned to live with the problem. His antidote: children's coloring books. "Two years ago I was hitting .220 in May," said Callison, perhaps reminded of that dismal occurrence

by his 1965 early-May average of .185. "It was driving me crazy. I knew I had to do something to keep my mind off it, so I started doodling in the kids' coloring books. Then I went out and bought some art books and pretty soon I was doing all right with those number paintings. You know: 'Color 1 red, 2 blue, and 3 green.' The only trouble is that the 1 2 3 keeps reminding me of my batting average."

The graduating class of the California Podiatry College included one newly minted podiatrist, **George Rhodes**, who made news with his feet in 1952 by setting an Olympic 400-meter record of 45.9 seconds.

The first thoroughbred Kentucky bullfrog ever entered in the annual Calaveras County Jumping Frog Jubilee was put through his paces on the Capitol steps by his handlers. Senators **George Murphy** of California and **Thurston Morton** of Kentucky (below) pronounced themselves satisfied with their entry's workout and predicted success at Angels Camp, Calif., May 23, on the 100th anniversary of Mark Twain's tale. Murphy, detecting a resemblance to Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, has dubbed his Republican frog Kentucky Ev.



Up a muddy river in a beat-up shell

The Fighting Irish of Notre Dame (nautical division) have a long way to go before they catch up to Harvard's oarsmen but, if tenacity and enthusiasm mean anything in crew, they are well on their way

The best college crew in the country—some say the best in the history of rowing—stitched a double row of neat puddles across Massachusetts' Lake Quinsigamond last week as Harvard's remarkable 1965 varsity, to no one's surprise, pulled away from its rivals in the 20th edition of the Eastern Sprints. Puddles of a sort and a different kind of rowing history were being made at the same time some 900 miles away on Indiana's Wabash River in a brand-new regatta: the first official sprint championships of the Mid-America Collegiate Rowing Association.

What made the Mid-America sprints chiefly noteworthy, however, was the presence in them of a crew as inept as Harvard was expert, but every bit as remarkable. This was the crew from the school at South Bend, Indiana, where the creek known as the St. Joseph River

winds and turns around so many bends that even the moon doesn't know which side it is rising on. That's right, the crew from Notre Dame.

Only a year ago the draftees manning the Notre Dame navy thought an oar was something to be stuck into someone else's conversation, and they might still be thinking so if it were not for a tall, skinny junior named Andy Monaghan. Monaghan, who looks a bit like an oar himself, is a Philadelphia boy with a crazy ambition to make the Fighting Irish as synonymous with rowing as with football. Lacking boats, oars, oarsmen, boathouse, money, official sanction and with practically no water to row on, this nautical Knot Rockne went to work last year to realize the dream.

A series of campus mixers raised both money and enthusiasm. In time, Monaghan managed to assemble a group of

rowers, 14 oars and two shells, one a 35-year-old glory from Michigan State, the other a new Pocock from Wisconsin. The bottom of the Michigan boat bore more patches than skin, and it had no outriggers, no seats—and no stern since an errant Volkswagen sliced it off with a right rear wheel. The Wisconsin boat was in better shape: it had only a hole in the bottom and a few cracks. Commandeering one of the university's obsolete lecture halls as a repair shed, the fledgling oarsmen began getting the boats in shape with patches and themselves with a rigorous program of push-ups, chin-ups and sit-ups. Until this spring, when they were all invited to come and practice on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River, where Monaghan had once rowed with the Penn A.C., the nearest any of them came to pulling an oar was on a gymnasium rowing machine.

Their first race was, predictably, a disaster. They lost the race to Wayne State, and with it their shirts, which—brand-new and white with blue and gold stripes—they had bet on the outcome in a traditional rowing gesture. It was almost like losing their oars. "Wayne sympathized with our problem," Monaghan explains rather sheepishly, "and gave us \$18 for the shirts."

With Monaghan doubling as bow-oar on the varsity and coach of the jayvees, and Mike Carroll, an ex-ox and graduate student, coaching the varsity, the Fighting Irish went on losing more races but none of their enthusiasm and, by the time they were ready to leave for the Mid-Americas at Purdue last week, they had rowed almost as far in competition as they had in practice. One evening before the race, they had a final workout on the river with Monaghan and Carroll watching their crews as crucially as Harry Parker watches his Harvards.

To get their shell out of the armory that now serves as boathouse and into the river, the Irish had to carry it across

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a road (dodging a school bus and a car en route), down an embankment and past a concrete drainage ditch. A twisty road snakes alongside the St. Joseph, and Monaghan, for want of a launch, coached his crew from a bicycle. The jayvee practice done, he exchanged the bicycle for his place in the varsity shell. Coach Carroll meanwhile stepped into the luxury of an outboard chase boat lent to the crew by a South Bend Samaritan. Megaphone in hand, he suddenly turned into a pocket-size version of a Marine Corps drill instructor. "Let's go men," Carroll barked. "Take the hats off." (This for the benefit of a lighthearted crew wearing a funny hat.) "Four sprints and two more if I don't like them," he threatened. The boat slid forward on the quiet evening water, and Carroll began yelling directions in a crazy cadence. "Where's the puddles? Where's the puddles? Don't dig it, three, row it. Row it. Row it. Let's see it, five. Put some in it, seven. Bottom it. Bottom it. Row out the catch, port."

The shell almost hurtled along, swishing by spectators many of whom had never seen such a craft before. One, a fisherman, let his mouth drop open and the tip of his rod droop into the river as the boat shot by with Carroll still bawling. "Make. Stomp. Sting. Go." Finally, after the boat passed under a bridge where local kids get their kicks shying rocks at the rowers, the sprint ended, leaving a shell full of exhausted men in sweat-blackened shirts. "That first sprint was 1:35," said Carroll. "A good crew should do it in 1:25."

At the morning before the Mid-American the varsity held a final, short practice, organized class cuts, packed its bags and loaded the shell and oars onto the Wayne State trailer, which had stopped by to pick up the equipment. Then the crew climbed into Coxswain Mike Murray's 1958 Plymouth and the car of a friend and started for the Wabash 100 miles away. It would be nice to report that they won the regatta. They didn't, of course. Marretta did, and fairly easily. But the Irish gave both Kansas and Purdue a whole of a run in a close first heat that turned out to be the most exciting race of the day. As Coach Carroll said afterward, "They've had a lot going against them: the weather in the spring, the broken shell, broken oars. And in one race they lost a chance to win their heat when the No. 3 seat broke. Still, every time they come out they improve."

Watch it, Harvard!

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This summer everybody will be on the team

As recently as last August the colorful stripes that embellished athletic uniforms had to be earned by playing the game, and the most cherished possessions in a man's wardrobe were the jerseys and trunks that identified him as a member of a school team, a surf club or even the U.S. Olympic squad.

Now team stripes have been borrowed by beach-going teen-agers, who like the look of competition clothes. This summer there are entire wardrobes of team uniforms, such as the lineup photographed here in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. They are available to kids who have never scored a winning run, surfed at Makaha or run the 440. Not only are teenagers wearing the bands that signify athletic achievement, they also are adapting them for service on their favorite vehicles: skateboards, Hondas and fastbacks.

The yen for competition stripes started in Hawaii last season when top surfers added stripings to their competition trunks and T-shirts to make themselves more visible to the judges on the beach during their long runs in. Californians vacationing in the islands, hoping perhaps that some of the expertise would rub off, picked up the new styles in the little Oahu shops that copy what the surfers wear and took them home to the mainland.

U.S. sportswear manufacturers responded this season by striping everything from sneakers (right) to the classic button-down shirt. The new stripes come in horizontals, verticals and diagonals in the colors of all kinds of teams as well as in colors that mean absolutely nothing.

Although the boys latched onto the stripes first, one of the best-selling suits for teen-age girls this year is a nylon tank suit that comes with bright competition stripes down the front. Instead of old-fashioned wool knits, tank suits are now made of quick-drying nylon tricot, which clings, some mothers think, all too efficiently to the swimmer. For after-beach cover-ups this year girls are buying warm-up suits inspired by track and numeral shirts borrowed from the playing field, or, if they are wily enough, from the players themselves.

New lightweight beach parkas striped in the colors of surfing competition teams are as practical for nonsurfing adults as they are for the kids on the beach. A simple nylon pullover like the one in the drawing at right protects the wearer from sun and wind during the day, and from late-afternoon chill on the ride home from the beach.

The only problem with the new competition look is that the coach will need a scorecard to tell who's on the team and who's on the sidelines this summer by the sea.



THE LINEUP FOR THE BEACH

What the girls are wearing: Jane Hall (rear left) is in an orange-striped bikini (\$16) of Helanca nylon knit by Hang-Ten. The nylon midriff (\$9) worn by Kris Storkerson (rear center) has red-and-white vertical stripes. It is made by White Stag-Speedo. Chris Wood (left foreground) wears a red-and-white terry two-piece warmup suit (\$13) with track and field uniform stripes. The black numeral shirt (\$20) worn by Diane Edwards is made of Orlon jersey; her hip-unders (\$23) are Dacron-and-cotton duck trimmed with black racing stripes, both by Robert Sloan. What the boys are wearing (from left to right): Cam Damley's yellow nylon competition trunks by Hang-Ten (\$8) are banded in black. The surfers by Jantzen (\$8) worn by Frank Boksanske are made of nylon triple-striped in red. Don Sheltus wears Catalina's blue-and-white ad-striped trunks (\$8). The button-down oxford-cloth shirt (\$6) worn by Chuck Ames is a competition model by Hang-Ten. The nylon beach shell (\$10) in the drawing above is made by Silton-California. Its diagonal stripes match a surfboard and trunks. The red-and-white-striped sneaker by U.S. Keds (\$6.50) is a sidewalk version of a track shoe.

JOHN E. ZIMMERMAN

FROM THE HAWAIIAN SURFSIDE TO THE ATLANTIC, COMPETITION STRIPES ARE THE LATEST TEEN-AGE STATUS SYMBOL

Red-hot baseball in the Valley of the Sun

Arizona State, just about the best team in college baseball, swept a three-game series last weekend from arch rival Arizona, and now the Sun Devils have their eyes on the collegiate world series title in Omaha

It was the precise moment last Saturday afternoon when Ron Turcotte was trying to urge Tom Riffe past the puck at the eighth pole at Pimlico. In Municipal Stadium in Phoenix, Ariz., a 21-year-old left-handed pitcher from the University of Arizona named Gary Deak was trying to throw a baseball past a 19-year-old left-handed batter from Arizona State named Rick Monday. Tom Riffe made it.

Monday adjusted his Duke Snider swing for the outside pitch and hit a 400-foot line drive up the left-center alley

—a hit that would have been a home run in all but a couple of big league parks but was only a triple in the miniature airport the city of Phoenix built a few years ago to make sure the San Francisco Giants continued to take their spring exercises in the Valley of the Sun.

"The phenom is rippin'," said Catcher Tony Alesci, the most audible member of the raucous group-admiration society that is the Arizona State bench.

And the Sun Devils—Phoenixians actually call them that—were ripping the University of Arizona in their showdown

series for the baseball championship of the southern division of the Western Athletic Conference. Such Sun Devilism could well lead them to the NCAA's college world series at Omaha next month, which Phoenixians would applaud, but there is a deeper, more parochial significance to any ASU victory over the U. of A. Arizona State has come so far upward and upward since the days when it was Tempe Normal that its playing-field status is second to very few institutions of higher learning. Yet years of cloistering by U. of A. teams from downstate Tucson imposed a sort of provincial inferiority complex on Phoenixians that is still felt in the valley, even unto the highest echelons of ASU. "We're like Asis," Arizona State Athletic Director Clyde Smith said the other day, in the course of explaining his school's athletic ascendancy over the past decade. "We try harder."

With an enrollment of 17,000, plus the climate and the scholarships to attract muscles from coast to coast, Arizona State is equipped to play any game with almost any school. The development has been too rapid—too much, too soon—for the valley folk to really believe it, but they favor any evidence that it is true. For example, sounds of pride will echo from Camelback Mountain to Superstition Mountain next month when it is announced that Rick Monday has signed to play with the Kansas City Athletics, for a bonus of at least \$100,000. "Well, I hope it's that much," Monday said after living up to his nickname, The Hatcher, in Arizona State's 6-0, 13-5 rippings of Arizona in the first two games of the climactic series that rounded out 50-game seasons in the sun for both schools.

A peanut tossed at random into the grandstand would have hit a big league scout watching The Hatcher last week.

\$100,000 PRIZE in baseball's first free-agent draft could be Arizona State's star Rick Monday.



end, but only the solicitor from Kansas City appeared confident. In baseball's new free-agent draft the worst team has the first pick, and they don't come any worse than Kansas City. That's all right with Rick Monday. Kansas City's \$100,000 looks as good as anybody else's to Rack. He is only a sophomore, only 19, only 6 feet 3, only 195 pounds and only a .396 hitter in his first—and last—varsity season.

Even though he turns professional, he would like to complete his work toward a physical education degree so that later—much later—he can “work with kids,” as he was worked with in Little League, Pony League and high school in Santa Monica, Calif. He would, “I think,” go back to the books between baseball seasons.

Suppose, he was asked, Kansas City claimed him but offered a paltry \$50,000 or so. “I’d be reluctant to sign,” he said. So he’d stay in school? “Well, my name would go in the pool draft six months later.” It was remotely possible that Kansas City would find a player they prefer and leave Monday to the Mets. “That would be all right with me,” Rick said. “I want to play professional baseball. I guess you could say I first thought about it when I was 9, in Little League. I thought about it a long time, but I don’t think I really believed I could make it until the scouts started talking to me this year. About 10 of them, so far. No, they’re not allowed to talk about money until after the draft.”

Monday bats left with power. In the first game of the show-down series against Arizona’s John Fouse, college baseball’s winningest pitcher (12-2), every pitch to him was outside but the last one. After singling and tripling outside pitches to left, he pulled the inside pitch to right for his third hit, a single. This evident ability to go with a pitch would seem to make him adaptable to any stadium. Monday is also that relative rarity, a low-ball hitter, and a temporary problem with high pitches seems to have been resolved by the counsel of the Red Sox’ Bobby Doerr during a nonpro season in Alaska last summer. His ultrawidestance, resulting in what would be an overstride for an ordinary hitter, disturbs neither the scouts nor his coach, Bobby Winkles.

continued



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BASEBALL

"Somebody will try to change him," Winkles said, "but not me. He's not an ordinary hitter."

Monday runs with less than the rhythmic grace of ASU's Olympic champion, Henry Carr, but he moves in great strides that get him there very quickly. This compensates for the fact that his hands as a center fielder are not the surest, particularly on ground balls. He also throws, left-handed, with a power and accuracy that minimize liberties by opposing base runners.

All the scouts give Monday a plus for attitude: there is an amenability about him that they describe as professional. "He knows we're all here looking at him," one talent hunter said, "but I don't believe he thinks about it when he goes on the field. He came up with two on, and he might have thought that was a great time to jerk one out of here and make a big impression, but instead he tried to advance the runners."

Rick Monday is worth \$100,000, if any 19-year-old college baseball player is, but tangibly or intangibly he is just the whipped cream on top of Arizona State's baseball cake. The cake was baked by the 35-year-old Winkles, who says he teaches because he couldn't do. Winkles has been coach at Arizona State since 1959, the year ASU baseball began to go as big time as college baseball can go.

"They kept me at the White Sox camp in 1954 until the last day," he said, "and I learned a lot from Paul Richards. I got up as far as Triple-A at Indianapolis in 1958, but I was a 28-year-old infielder and they had two guys named Fox and Aparicio ahead of me. I figured I had to do something else for a living."

Even in his best year, 1957, when he hit .279 in the Texas League, Winkles was figuring on something else, working toward his master's degree at the University of Colorado. "One day after the '58 season I got a call from Clyde Smith here, and in 20 minutes I had the job," he said. "Athletic directors exchange information, and they knew I was available. That's all there was to it."

Not quite, there was a little more. "Yes, his professional baseball career interested us," Smith said last week. "But we were particularly interested because he hadn't had too much experience—that meant he wouldn't be too professional. It's true that our baseball program gives us a national identity, and

(continued)

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"In line with that thinking," Smith said, "there was an important factor that made us decide in favor of Bob Winkles. While he was taking his master's at Colorado, he coached an American Legion team, and I received a letter from a parent whose son played for him. He told of the guidance Bob had given his son in many areas, not just in how to play baseball. We thought he was the kind of coach we wanted, and we were right. He's quite a man."

"He knows exactly when to be stern," said Bob Piel, campus disc jockey and undergraduate manager of the baseball team. "If two guys on the team have a beef, he'll make them take laps around the field together, but then he'll tell them it's all over. He never holds anybody's mistakes against him." For instance, the

coach reacted lightly to Piel's outstanding boo-hoo of the season, when he called at Coach's house and mistook his wife for the baby-sitter. "She looked so young and pretty," Piel explained, "and I'm the kind of guy who will take a look at a girl."

Coach needed Piel a bit, requesting that he dedicate a record to him on the air. Piel gave him something called *Touch Me Tonight, Tiger*, and now Coach has a nickname, too. Almost everybody does. There is The Robot—Pitcher John Pavlik, who pitched 15 minutes of batting practice on Thursday when he knew he was opening the critical series Friday night. He couldn't be found in the clubhouse after he'd thrown a one-hit shut-out against Arizona, and everybody assumed he'd gone to the bullpen to throw a few. Pavlik couldn't remember who got the one hit and was told it was Grant Hawgood. "Oh, that's O.K.," he said. "He's from Shaker Heights, and we played on the same team back in Cleveland."

Jim Armstrong, the shortstop, is *Huck* because he is red-haired and freckled enough to look at home in bare feet and a frayed straw hat. Jim Merrick, the little southpaw pitcher, is *Hamster*, for some reason. Luis Lagunas, the second baseman who might be the No. 1 draft choice if he could run fast, is *The Mexican*. "I have to take Spanish," he explained, "because Mexican is a bunch of slang. Actually my major is education." ASU may be a football factory, but the baseball players, even though most of them are sent along for seasoning by big league scouts and given scholarships, do not major in penmanship or basket weaving. Of the 20 players on the roster, only four are phys ed majors. "And they're not on pure scholarships, because all of them work," Winkles said. "For one thing, they maintain the playing field."

The team has fun, but it plays serious baseball, even in practice. Because he was the kind of player who had to make it with his glove and his wits, Winkles is



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a fundamentalist. And because he was the kind of player who couldn't afford to make mistakes, he can't stand mistakes. But he tolerates them. "To coach college baseball," he said, "you have to be patient, because you're going to see six things happen every game that could drive you nuts. But you have to keep on your players, keep reminding them all the time."

Winkles keeps on them. An outfielder who "nonchalantly" a fly ball or an infielder who fails to charge a ground ball during batting practice is reminded of his nonfeasance in terms that would be clearly understood in any barracks room. And he teaches fundamentals. "I let them have a lot of batting practice," he said, "because they like it, but I don't think it helps much after the first few practices. I'd rather work on cutoff plays and other things that can save a run here and there."

Ron Len, who pitched the 6-2 victory that swept the series and won ASU the division title, is allowed to throw sliders

because he can. But the others are limited to fast balls, curves and changeups, with de-emphases on changeups. The signs are simple and few. "I don't have a take sign," Winkles said, "except on a 3-0 count and that's automatic. If you're going to build confidence in these kids you can't tell them not to swing the bat."

The fundamental approach paid off in the Arizona series, which gave ASU a 41-7 season record (Arizona was 37-13). Winkles' team made fewer mistakes and took advantage of the opponents. Their strong hitting and pitching might have carried them through, but opportunistic base running rattled Arizona into disorganization. One ASU player felt Winkles' tongue-lash for running recklessly, but two or three heard about extra-base opportunities they hadn't recognized. "You've got to be loose," Winkles said in his salty pre-series address, "and you've got to be aggressive at the same time. I realize that's a big order, but you're going to get

the hell kicked out of you if you aren't."

The Sun Devils had the hell kicked out of them by Arizona in an earlier series at Tucson, losing two of three games. This time, as Athletic Director Smith might say, ASU tried harder. Still, they didn't try any harder than Arizona's Eddie Southard, a 19-year-old outfielder from Cincinnati. In the first inning of the first game, sliding into second to break up a double play, Southard ripped the flesh off the first knuckle of his left hand, peeling it back to bare the tendon.

Unstitched, Southard finished the first game and went helless. In the next two games, with his hand and bat padded to ease the pain, he got three hits in four official at bats, walked four times, stole a base, scored twice and drove in a run with a sacrifice fly. He also made all the plays in the field, including robbery of what might have been a triple by ASU's Jim Gretta. In the ninth inning of the third game they asked if there was a doctor in the house. Southard had finally given up.

END

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BOXING / John Lovesey

Floyd is beginning to see the light—finally

In Stockholm, Floyd Patterson humbled Texan Tod Herring with the hit-and-run style he now admits he should have used against Liston

Floyd Patterson has fought three times in Stockholm since he was defeated for the second time by Sonny Liston, and the difference between the Patterson who met the Italian Sante Amonte in his first Swedish bout 17 months ago and the Patterson who last week took on Texan Tod Herring is astonishing. Not that Herring's credentials are overly impressive. At 27 he is the champion only of Texas. This, in fact, was his first bout outside his native state in seven years of fighting and one of only a few that he has fought outside his home town of Houston. But Herring is a big man (6 feet 3½ inches, 210 pounds) with shoulders that one Swedish sportswriter described as being "as broad as the door of a cowhouse." In 29 fights he had scored 19 knockouts.

Even so, the Swedes were not exactly brimming with enthusiasm for the match. The sports paper *Idrottsbladet* could not make up its mind whether Herring was "fish or fowl," which was not an intended pun on the fighter's name (the Swedish word for herring is *ajll*), but an expression of genuine confusion about Herring's qualities as a fighter. Under a headline that read *ARE WE THAT FOND OF FLOYD?* the chief sports editor of *Aftonbladet* conveyed his own skepticism about the fight: "This Herring business doesn't seem very tasty."

These doubts did not affect the esteem in which Swedes hold Patterson, but they did have influence when it came to emptying Swedish pockets for the fight. When it became clear that tickets were not moving fast, Patterson traveled to Stockholm a day earlier than planned to help boost publicity. Even though the final crowd was 10,000, remarkable

enough for a fight between two ill-matched Americans in a foreign city, it was still some 2,000 short of the sellout that the bout's promoters had hoped for, and which would have culled half a million kronor.

After a round of golf on a course near Stockholm's center two days before the fight, Herring (who shoots in the 80s) spoke of his chances over a smorgasbord lunch. With nothing to lose and everything to gain, he was pinning his hopes on Patterson running into his big punch. "You know how he jumps," he said across the table. "I hope to hit him with something on the way in. I'll be stronger than he is on the inside. The only thing he's got going for him on the inside is his speed. He'll get off—boom, boom, boom,—eight shots and I'll get off five, you know what I mean? His speed will overcome me there but my five will be harder."

As it turned out, Herring was never given a chance to prove his theories. Patterson's boom, boom, boom was blurred into a b-b-boommm as he fought the type of fight, he belatedly conceded, he should have fought against Liston. He kept away from danger and darted in and out, using his agility to reduce Herring's advantages in size.

Only in the second round did Herring score. Landing several good body punches, he seemed for a moment to become dangerous. But Patterson had no intention of letting this develop. In the next and final round, which lasted only 40 seconds, he finished the contest with seven fine punches. The first two were short, extremely fast left hooks that sent Herring back on his heels. The two men then clinched for a moment before the fight moved out into the open

again, and Patterson hit Herring with the final five punches: a right, a left, a right, a left and a right. The blows sent the Texan staggering, though they did not knock him off his feet.

At this point British Referee Teddy Waltham stopped the fight. "If Herring had taken another punch," he said, "he might have been killed." Although, in the fashion of boxers, Herring said later that he thought the fight was stopped too soon, he also admitted in his honest, likable fashion that his legs were wobbling and his head was "muzzed up."

"Why," asked a Swede in the audience, "didn't Floyd fight Liston that way?" Drinking tea in the dressing room and frequently blowing his nose because of a cold that had come on that day, Patterson offered his own explanation. "All the time," he said, "the whole world is learning different things. First the Wright brothers flew; now we have jets. I did not know yesterday what I know today, but if I had to fight Liston all over again I would fight a completely different style. My pride this time would not compel me to fight as I did before."

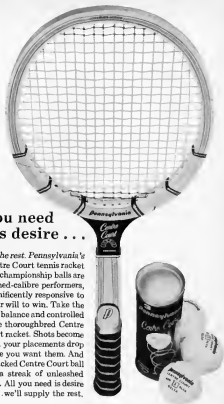
The metamorphosis, Patterson explained, occurred in his fight with Chuvalo. "I have never fought anyone as I fought Chuvalo. My strategy before then was to go forward until I sustained an injury and was compelled to go backwards. Against Chuvalo, I had to drop my pride or retire. My choice was not to retire but to retreat. That's why I won. But had I fought Chuvalo or Tod Herring or Eddie Machen the first time I came back to Sweden I do not believe I would have won. I took a very easy fight when I fought Amonti because I wanted to find out if I had anything left. I saw I still had something, and I trained for Machen and was able to win again. If I had fought Chuvalo immediately after Machen I don't think I would have won, so I have been stepping up gradually. To beat Sonny Liston or Cassius Clay I have to get better still."

At some point, somewhere, it remains Patterson's ambition to meet Liston again, even if it is not for the championship. His pride is still there, but it is not a foolish pride anymore. The difference is that Patterson has learned some elementary truths about fighting big men which, when they were told to him by his old manager, Cas D'Amato, he had ignored. The light came late in the land of the midnight sun, but perhaps not too late.

END

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THE BEAT BOATMEN OF THE LAZY SHORE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS GORSINE

If a beatnik is one whose life is devoted to enjoyment of the here and now with no thought of past or future, the yachtsmen of the Quai St. Pierre in Cannes should be called boatniks. Like Frank de Glasier, the yacht-capped figure at the top of the group shown here, they came to the Mediterranean from all over the world and just decided to stay. Most of them scratch a living from the boats they love as charter captains or deck swabs. De Glasier was a Rumanian gunboat skipper until he dropped anchor in Cannes in 1925—and never left. Now he sails his own 70-ton ketch for charter. The girl in the bikini was an industrial designer until she learned how to cook for yachtsmen.





CONTINUED



LAZY SUEEE *continued*

Once, long ago, Sam Muller, the 6-foot 5-inch yacht captain at left, was a kid in Staten Island gazing at the ships that sailed in and out of New York Harbor. Since then he has been a merchant seaman, a newspaperman, a soldier in the armies of both France and Britain, a broadcaster, a tramp and a smuggler. Now he is a pillar of the casual waterfront society that makes its headquarters at Cannes' *Calé l'Esquil*, a little bistro just across the harbor from Millionaires' Row. The rich part of the harbor is undergoing exhaustive "improvements" now, but the boatniks of *l'Esquil* care little about that. They like their part of the crowded harbor just the way it is. Besides, none of them could afford a berth in the new one. Stanley Owens, who owns the yacht "*Micawber*," might have made millionaire status if he'd hung on to his restaurant business in London. Instead he sailed to Cannes, along with his wife and daughter, for a holiday in 1960. The three of them have been there ever since, living on charters and enjoying themselves, as shown at right, with friends like Jacques (le Barbu) van Vught, a one-time French fashion photographer, and coolly British Pamela Waller, who used to train horses back in England.

CONTINUED





A HANDY PIED-A-TERRE FOR A SAILORMAN

by Carleton Mitchell

Cluttered Mediterranean harbors like this one in Connes and the sweet life that they encourage turned a lifetime sailboat man and ocean racer into a shoreless stinkpotter

I'm glad that when I was a full-time windjammer I never called powerboat people stinkpotters, because now I'm one of them myself. A trifle surreptitiously, of course. I keep *Pied-à-Terre*, my 25-foot Bertram express cruiser, cached in the lesser ports of the Mediterranean, but I might as well confess that I'm a happy pariah. Me, I like being afloat. I like boats and the life thereof, and I'm delighted with my seagoing station wagon, a single-hander in the true sense of the word. No aching back as the price of independence. Press a button to port and another to starboard; drop your lines, and off you go; come into a port, park instead of moor, and you're sunbathing on the cushions before your neighbor has finished furling the mizzen. I enjoy being able to decide in the morning where to drop the hook for lunch, with perhaps a bit of water skiing on the way. No glut on the highway, a house on your back if the hotels are full, and bread and cheese and wine in the galley in case a cove happens to look inviting and there are no restaurants ashore.

Part of my content comes from having matched the boat to the job, or perhaps I should say environment. There are windy parts of the world with long stretches of rough sea between harbors where I would settle for no less than masts above and a lead keel below. But for the Mediterranean, or any other body of generally calm water and short distances, a fast power vessel is hard to beat. Not the joys *continued*

of sail—the silent glide, the lift and surge of the crests, the elation of heaving to windward or the excitement of a hard spinnaker run—but other kinds of fun: maneuverability, zip and an occasional hairy ride where seamanship and helmsmanship are very real challenges.

My conversion began back in '56. After winning the Bermuda race in *Fins terre*, five of us had cruised on across the Atlantic and into the Mediterranean, enjoying a fine, fast passage—largely under spinnaker—until we got to Gibraltar, where the breeze ceased as though a portcullis had dropped. Thenceforth we crept along the coasts of Spain, France and Italy, with either no wind or far too much. For a sea with a reputation of full-time calm, the Mediterranean can show the writers of pilot books a thing or two, as every voyager since Ulysses has discovered. Playing fickle slants across the Gulf of Lion while watching lightning herald the approach of a mistral, I thought how nice it would be to have a boat fast enough to get to the next port ahead of the wind. But then, riding out the gale, I shivered to think what might happen if that fast boat was not quite able to make it and got caught out.

The next step in my education came four years afterward, when I navigated the prototype *Moppie* in a Miami-Nassau race. Dick Bertram and the late Sam Griffith were co-helmsmen, and we didn't get caught out in bad weather, we went out in it deliberately. Small-craft warnings had come down at midnight before a 7-o'clock-in-the-morning start, and seas generated by a three-day nor'easter were running undiminished in the Gulf Stream. In that blow, *Moppie* became airborne at the end of the Miami breakwater to land somewhere short of Cat Cay with a crash that not only collapsed my chair but drove my spine into my skull, and I emerged from the eight-hour ordeal—in which we set a record—feeling like a survivor of the Battle of the Atlantic. But bruised and battered though I was, especially as the wind piped up harder than ever in the Tongue of the Ocean, I had learned that some modern power vessels don't scare a crew to death in a bit of a blow. They

can take it if you can, with comfort or lack of it in direct ratio to speed, and they get you to port safely. Also, such is the perversity of human nature, with a hindsight of enjoyment.

This sort of thinking, coupled with my passion for the Mediterranean, had brought me to *Pied-à-Terre*, which means, in literal translation, "a foot on the ground," or, if you prefer the dictionary definition, "a temporary lodging," both equally appropriate. This in quite visible contrast to *Fins terre*, which means "hand's end"—one for crossing an ocean, the other for dragging a toe around the rim of a landlocked sea. And, if I may say it, each equally ideal for its particular assignment. I had seen to the addition of small living-aboard comforts during *Pied-à-Terre's* building in Miami, tucked her aboard a steamer in Jacksonville and swung her overboard in Marseille to swim away like a newly hatched duckling.

Aboard *Pied-à-Terre* I found myself, for the first time in my boating career, faced with no problems from crew or weather, thinking of a body of water as an extension of the land in the background, made for swimming and skin diving and sheltered-cove picnics. Suddenly the Mediterranean became part of the décor, too warm and too blue to be taken seriously. Obviously it had been created as a magic carpet to carry carefree mariners from St. Tropez to Portofino, from Cadaqués to Capri, just as its finned demigods were intended by divine providence to fall into the hands of cooks with the imagination to fashion paella and bouillabaisse and *zuppa di pesce*.

More than ever before, I found under these new circumstances that cruising is a way of life, and that each part of the world has a boating flavor and point of view all its own. On the Mediterranean the most fascinating aspect, apart from the changing beauty of the shore beyond every headland, is the port waiting at the end of the passage. Each village, each town, each city has its own personality within a pattern that has developed through the centuries. There are the rambles through medieval streets too narrow and too steep to have been intended for wheeled vehicles. There is

the pattern of boats lying alongside the quay, chrome-plated yachts cheek by jowl with fishing boats little changed from the days of the Phoenicians. There is the kaleidoscope of costumes, and the babble of languages and the adventure of the next meal.

But there is also a catch. Too many other people have discovered the same joys. In some Riviera ports, as in ideal cruising areas everywhere, *tout est plein*: everything is full up, overflowing, complete—the restaurants, the hotels, the roads, the beaches and especially the harbors. Sometimes you have to move on. At such times, speed in your craft is desirable. Sometimes there is a space if you can wedge in. Maneuverability and tough topsides help. And sometimes you get fed up with people and want to escape to a lonely island anchorage—and such places do exist, even here when the Côte d'Azur is awash with humanity—but then equally you want to get back for a repast of *loup de mer au fenouil* and a fling at the frag in a quayside discothèque. Score points for a powerboat on every count.

I offer in evidence this memory of entering St. Tropez after several days in the practically deserted anchorages of the Îles d'Hyères, three small islands lying off the coast of France where the Mediterranean swings up into the Gulf of Lion. By day pines reflected in the clear water, by moonlight the songs of nightingales. My craving for solitude assuaged, the bright lights beckoned, so there I was, running at 22 knots along the magnificent bold shore of Provence past Cape Camarat. Perhaps I have neglected to say it earlier, but if you plan to cruise along the southern coast of Europe you shouldn't simply take the wheel and commence yachting. You should lead up to it by stopping off in Paris. Rent a small automobile and begin navigating remote boulevards and side streets during meal hours, when traffic is light. Gradually you venture further, eventually tackling the Champs-Élysées in late afternoon. If you succeed in accomplishing the full circle at the Place de la Concorde during the evening rush, you are ready for the next step, parking. Anyone capable of getting to the curb

continued



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in Paris can enter a harbor on the Riviera with full confidence.

On this day I yanked the engines to full astern as soon as I entered the breakwater of St. Tropez. *Paté-à-Terre* gave a fine imitation of a horse reined back on its haunches, for confronting us around the perimeter of the quay was an unbroken phalanx of hulls like the locked shields of a Roman legion. Nowhere did there seem to be space for one more boat, not even a dinghy.

But suddenly I spotted a narrow gap between two boats on the far quay. Unfortunately my momentary hesitation had been almost fatal. A floating greenhouse named *Amphitrite* and a mahogany Riva runabout, which had entered astern, saw the hole at the same moment. Ancient battlements on the hillside trembled as the three of us gunned our engines together. After initial panic, I remembered a time during my Paris apprenticeship on the Rue de Rivoli. On that occasion it had been my trusty Deux Chevaux Vapeur—Citroën's two (steam) horsepower compact—against a Renault and a lunging Fiat. The three of us made for a parking space at the same time. While the Renault debated tactics, the Fiat established an overlap of a rear fender, but my Deux Chevaux had already gained a safe leeward position at the curb, where possession was the only rule that counted.

This time the Riva had the advantage of speed, my Bertram of virtually indestructible fiber-glass topsides, while *Amphitrite* proceeded with the confidence inspired by that priceless maritime heritage, right of way of tonnage. The driver of the Riva got there first but seemed to sheer off at the sight of *Paté-à-Terre's* slicing bow. I drove into the gap, throwing out fenders and lines, closed my eyes and waited for a crash astern. When nothing happened, I looked back to find that *Amphitrite* had turned in pursuit of a boatload of girls in bikinis. So had the Riva. Later it developed that both my rivals had intended to spend the weekend in Cannes, all along.

With no further chores I relaxed on the after cushions and let St. Tropez sink in. No sails to furl, no lines to coil, none of the thousand little snuggling-down

continued



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LAZY LIFE continued

jobs of yore. Now my most serious remaining problem was where to have lunch, frequently a dilemma along this coast, where everything is so good. From where I sat I could see the tables of half a dozen cafés, but then I remembered Da Lalo, run by Italians turned Provençal, out of sight around a corner.

As I made a downwind approach across the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville an aroma came out to meet me. It is said along this coast that "fish live in water but the good ones die in oil." At Da Lalo's they simply float up to heaven on gossamer wings of *pistou*, a local sauce of garlic and herbs.

You don't have to say anything on sitting down at Da Lalo's when they know you; just signal with a finger, and out comes a *vin du pays* in a thick brown earthenware pitcher, a Provençal rosé, smooth but not sweet, tangy but not tart, chilled enough to form dewy beads on the outside of the pitcher. You sit back and somehow become part of *moût* in the Midi—noon in the south of France, Sun warmth reflecting from old stones. Shutters of houses swung open, gates to gardens shut. Bougainvillea climbing a wall, cat preening on a stoop. Staccato rattle of knife and fork on plates, ring of bottle against glass, murmur of lunch-

con conversation. Here and there a laugh, a happy laugh, for there are no real problems at noon, only faint doubts about a place to sleep before the next dawn, a problem too minor to worry about, one which somehow always seems to get solved. This is true even in St. Tropez, which every night accommodates a summer population of 15,000 to 20,000 visitors in less than 5,000 beds, according to local estimates.

St. Tropez epitomizes what has happened to the slightly mad strip of Mediterranean coast extending from the Costa Brava in Spain through the Riviera and Côte d'Azur of France to the northern Ligurian littoral, sometimes called the Italian Riviera. It is a compound of prosperity and leisure and emergence from ancient repression, summed up in French as *la nouvelle vague*, the "new wave." Here in this ancient fishing village, beloved by Colette and other serious artists, a curvaceous demoiselle named Bardot made a memorable motion picture, putting an extra curl on the crest of the new wave. Slacks were cut lower, sweaters tighter. Streets filled with would-be producers in search of another Bardot and replicas of Brigitte looking for a producer. Cellars became nightclubs, dingy shops transmuted into

continued

MEDITERRANEAN CHARTERING

Nearly every big port and fashionable fishing village in the Mediterranean has yacht agencies ready and willing to charter cabin cruisers. Their prices range from \$2,000 to \$10,000 or more a month. To avoid unpleasant surprises it is advisable to write in advance.

One of the best organized and least expensive agencies (it is largely patronized by the French) is Euroboat, 47 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris (telephone ANJ 70-70 or 75-85). This company has two types of small cabin cruiser. Its 30-foot, 75 hp, Dutch-built Vedette Argo will sleep four in comparative comfort and can be had without skipper or crew for the entire month of June for \$1,250; two weeks in July or August cost \$900. The smaller boats (about 23 feet long) also sleep four and are about 30% cheaper. All prices go down in September.

French law will not allow a sailor to go more than 20 miles from the coast, so if you want to go to Corsica from Antibes on the French Riviera special permission has to be obtained. Euroboat is better equipped than any lone U.S. sailor to get it.

Palcap, a charter agency that operates in the Balearics, has offices both in Palma, on Majorca, and at 16 Rue Halévy in Paris (telephone PRO 21-30). It rents 35-foot French cabin cruisers with a one-man crew, sleeping five, for \$450 a week in midsummer. A slightly larger model that has room for six costs about \$650 a week. Palcap will also arrange for the chartering of all kinds of privately owned motor yachts along the coasts of Spain, France, Italy and the Mediterranean islands. The powerboat de luxe is rented by the day a 72-footer, with a crew of two or three, sleeping six, would be \$120.

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boutiques, cafés blossomed everywhere there was space for tables. Through it all vibrates a feeling for life, an excitement, a contagious enthusiasm. An Italian count of uncertain age once commented, "I go every year to St. Tropez. It restores my youth." Perhaps that is the secret of the whole coast.

Yet, curiously, here and elsewhere the bedrock of ancient virtues and customs lies under the froth of the new wave. Fishermen go put-putting out to sea while visitors are still making the rounds of the discothèques. Women in rusty black bang laundry above the streets and trudge forth among the bikinis with baskets on their arms. Produce is sold in the stalls of outdoor markets, and moppets carry copper pitchers to the corner cave to bring home the dinner wine.

But the harbor? Ah! You must see the harbor to understand about boats and boating on the Mediterranean. The large yachts in a neat row along the quay, those with "St. Tropez" or "Cannes" or "Monaco" lettered across the stern, they go nowhere. Each morning sailors looking more salty than the Cape Horn breed appear on deck. The decks are swabbed, the brass or chrome is polished to blinding perfection, the lines are coiled as though ready to run. Then the mariners retire under the forward awning for the day. Later a steward changes the water in the flower arrangement on the after-deck. At some moment when the sun nears the yardarm an owner and his guests appear to decorate the lounge chairs and sip an aperitif. As far as going to sea is concerned, there is the grim memory of a yacht that left an inner-circle mooring in June for an afternoon sail and was not able to get back in until September.

Many of these imposing vessels are built along the rim of this enchanting sea. My favorite model is Italian. It is somewhat narrow of beam and a bit top-heavy from varnish and chrome, but no louder exhausts have ever been achieved by naval architects anywhere. Twenty Ferraris and a covey of Jaguars warming up in the pits before a race would be drowned out. On the rare occasions when one of these yachts leaves a harbor, large twin propellers dig a hole

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in the water into which the stern settles. This causes the bow to rise, adding to the rakish appearance of the craft, and gives an impression of high speed. Then forward motion commences. After headway is attained, majestic waves follow astern, overwhelming water skiers and becalmed sailboats like a seismic disturbance.

There are only a few simple rules to be followed in order to achieve rapport with the masters of these impressive yachts. One is never bring up the subject of bad weather, which by a gentlemen's agreement does not exist along these coasts in summer. But if another manner, wishing to impress you with his hardihood, describes how his valiant ship rode out the gale of the previous week, be careful not to mention that you were out at the same time and didn't notice anything unusual. It is also unwise to play the game of one-upmanship common in home yachting circles that begins with the seemingly innocent question, "And how big is your boat?" The barefoot character in dungarees and faded fisherman's shirt standing next to you on the quay may turn out to be Greek, and the owner of the vessel you mistook for a cruise liner when entering port.

To do them justice, however, the proprietors of such huge sailors' boarding houses seem to be having as much fun as the owners of the small fry scooting from harbor to harbor. Formality and yachting protocol be dumped overseas! Everybody pools down to the minimum under the blazing southern sun and goes ashore to eat in waterfront bistros, and gets a bit tipsy on *sau de pays* and flirts and then dances under the stars, and you couldn't give any of them a marmoset in Newport, not even with an America's Cup challenger thrown in.

On the opposite end of the yachting spectrum are the owners of lesser floating contrivances, extending down to inflated rubber rafts powered by outboards. From the air on any given day in midsummer the "longshore florilla" looks like aerial photographs of landing craft converging on Omaha Beach. Europeans have a quality of finding enjoyment in the simple life, and nowhere is

continued

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EASY SECT *continued*

this more evident than afloat. Whole families crowd aboard tiny cabin cruisers, mama sunbathing on the forward deck, papa casually steering with a foot, while *les enfants*—or *bambos* or *ninos*, depending on the flag astern—swim on the back porch under hanging sausages. And they are nomads in the best cruising sense. One summer on Elba, I watched Portoferraio harbor empty before noon each day to fill up again with a complete turnover of neighbors before dark.

Thus it is all the more fascinating that along this limited strip of coast, vacation mecca of the world free to travel, there could exist quiet little anchorages, almost untouched. My *Pied-à-Terre* once carried me happily into Ile St. Honorat, for example: a harbor not much bigger than an osprey's nest that you go into through an entrance a couple of arms spans wide. Ten small cruising boats would fill it chockablock, and the innermost would have to be shoal draft indeed. Ashore, footpaths wind through pine glades and along a deserted rocky shore, past fields and vineyards tended by monks from an order already centuries here in 1000 A.D. Monastery bells calling the fathers to morning prayers awakened me at dawn, after a night silent except for the lap of wavelets, yet from deck I could see the whole necklace of lights from Cannes to Antibes, including joyously uninhibited Juan-les-Pins, where the jukebox and the neon lights never dim.

A few miles farther to the west are grouped Les Iles d'Hyères—Porquerolles, Port-Cros and Levant—rugged, picturesque, somehow tropic in appearance, unpeopled except for a few small settlements. Here anchorages are usually unshared. Snug berths with trees flowing down hillsides into the water remain as private as a gunkhole on the Chesapeake or Penobscot. Skin divers may explore shallow reefs, hikers ramble trails ashore, amateur archaeologists clamber over ruins dating back to the Romans, while sunbathers bake to the deepest bronze—with the deepest of décolletées, if desired, for the town of Héliopolis on Ile du Levant is the largest nudist colony in France.

Ranging farther across the shining

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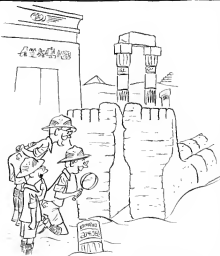
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The complete absence of Athlete's Foot, gentlemen, indicates this may be a monument to some early form of Desenex.

waters, the Balearics he grouped off the coast of Spain to the south. Majorca, serviced by direct jets from the capitals of Europe, has taken on some of the aspects of Nice and its environs, with towering glass-fronted hotels above crowded beaches, but the yachtsman will have no difficulty in getting away from it all as many lesser ports exist around the perimeter of the island, virtually deserted. Others of the group are lower on the discovery scale. Minorca and Ibiza are just beginning the cycle of exploitation inevitable in places combining sunshine and sea, while Formentera may still be classified as primitive.

But not so much so as the French island of Corsica near the Italian boot. The entire east coast, from the town of Bastia to the Strait of Bonifacio, is a series of scalloped beaches, some with white sand reminiscent of the Caribbean, rare in this part of the world. The western shore between Calvi and Ajaccio and extending on down to the picturesque medieval fortress village of Bonifacio is deeply indented by miniature fjords lying between the mountain folds, anchorage after anchorage with rarely another yacht in sight. French wines are cheap, bistros reminiscent of the homeland glorify the towns, swimming is good almost everywhere.

Across the Strait of Bonifacio, less than eight miles, lies the even larger island of Sardinia, somewhat similar topographically but sears apart in culture. Here are the cheeses and the wines and the pastas of Italy, along with as much privacy and unspoiled countryside as any punter could desire. Exploration of the byways of Corsica and Sardinia alone could occupy a summer, but not far away beckon smaller jewels spilling out of the treasure chest of Italy: Capraia, Ponza, Elba, Monte Cristo, to name a few, each different, each having its own facets of charm.

You will note that I give the islands and their simple way of life equal billing with the rich fare of the Côte d'Azur. A chef can't create a bouillabaisse without a variety of ingredients. Here they exist. And *Pied-à-Terre* is the spoon I sample them with.

END

AIM



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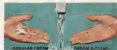
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"Ten, 9, 8, 7 . . . the pitcher starts his wind-up . . . 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 . . . contact!" DETROIT (6-2) players tried to have the countdown, aimed at rattling the pitcher, reach "contact" just as Willie Horton hit the ball. Willie usually obliged. In a five-game stretch, the 22-year-old graduate of Detroit's Northwestern High School went 15 for 22, hit six home runs and had 16 RBIs. "The good Lord willing," said Horton, "I hope to keep it up until October 15." The regular season ends October 3, so Horton must entertain World Series plans for the Tigers, who had a good week until Sunday, when they dropped another doubleheader to Boston. Mickey Lorch started and won twice, also worked in relief. Manager Charley Dressen rejoined the club as a "spectator." And Horton climbed to the batting lead with a .403 average. Willie was given \$50,000—one of the largest bonuses ever awarded a Negro ballplayer—to sign with Detroit. He had two great years in the minors, was recalled in September of 1963 and hit a pinch two-run homer in his first major league at bat. A flop last season, he was sent back down, but now he seems to have won the left-field job for good. "Willie walks, talks and stands up to the plate just like Roy Campanella," said Dressen. And, like Canty, Willie has a weight problem. Dressen ordered him to lose 22 pounds last year, then gave him a 22-pound hit to "show you how much you've lost." "Willie now plays with 202 pounds on a 5-foot 11-inch frame. The youngest of 14 children, he lost both his parents in an auto accident this past winter. Horton and Carl Yastrzemski of ANAHEIM (5-3) staged a tremendous hitting duel one night last week. Horton had four hits—

including two homers—and five RBIs. Yastrzemski had five hits—a single, double, triple and two homers—and five RBIs. Yaz batted .444 for the week, hit six homers and had 14 RBIs. Bill Monbouquette went twice, and Dave Morehead went nine innings to beat New York. "I had an off night," grinned Morehead. "I was around the plate." Jerry Kindall, of all players, kept MINNESOTA (5-3) moving. Despite a .198 average, Kindall started two winning rallies, helped beat Dean Chance of Los Angeles with a home run and homered and singled to edge Kansas City 2-0. Said Manager Sam Mele, "We're the club to beat now. We're winning the kind of games we lost last year." CHICAGO (7-1) continued to get fine pitching all around, and Pete Ward started to hit. Milt Pappas of BALTIMORE (4-3) won the 100th game of his career. After four straight wins, Robin Roberts lost twice as the Orioles struggled without the injured Brooks Robinson. Mickey Mantle returned to the NEW YORK (3-4) lineup and hit two home runs against Boston, but the Yankees still dropped three of four to the Red Sox. A Yankee player consoling Pedro Gonzalez, traded to Cleveland for Ray Barker, with: "It could have been worse. We might have kept you." Dean Chance lost twice and failed to lose an inning against the White Sox as LOS ANGELES (1-5) slumped against the top two teams. CLEVELAND's (1-5) Sam McDowell struck out 12 Senators, gave up only five hits. "McDowell has everything Sandy Koufax has," complimented Frank Howard. WASHINGTON (2-4) Catcher Mike Brumley dropped what should have been an inning-ending third strike, and Chuck Hinton of Cleveland followed with a grand-slam home run. Haywood Sullivan replaced Mel McGaha as KANSAS CITY (2-5) manager. "Mel didn't make all those errors and bad pitches," admitted Athletics General Manager Hank Peters. Rookie Catcher Rene Lachemann went 4 for 5, powered a doubleheader sweep of the Twins in Sullivan's debut.

Hart slammed decisive home runs for SAN FRANCISCO (5-1). Hart broke up a battle between Gaylord Perry and Houston's Ken Johnson with a ninth-inning homer. Thanks to Pittsburgh, ST. LOUIS (3-2) jumped into the first division. The Cardinals swept four more from the Pirates, now have won 16 straight from them. Last year's championship infield—Bill White, Julian Javier, Dick Groat and Ken Boyer—finally was reunited after injury problems. Bob Gibson ran his record to 7-0 by winning twice. NEW YORK (4-2) swept a doubleheader from Cincinnati to complete a 7-4 homestand against top opposition. Roy McMillan (11 for 23) and Jack Fisher (twins over St. Louis and Cincinnati) were standouts. Dick Stuart helped win two games for PHILADELPHIA (4-3) with home runs, but he still was booed constantly. "Ah, these Philadelphia fans are still amateurs in the booing department, compared to those in Pittsburgh," said Stuart. Art Mahaffey pitched superbly again. Joe Torre helped win two games for MILWAUKEE (3-3), but the Braves used 21 pitchers in six games. CINCINNATI's (3-4) relievers performed miserably against the Mets. Said Manager Dick Suter, "I wish Sammy Ellis were still in the bullpen and not a starter." So Ellis started against the Mets, didn't last an inning and lost his first after five wins. HOUSTON (1-7) lost six straight. Dave Gustin—"Remember, it's not coffee, it's just tea," he said, explaining the correct pronunciation of his last name—finally lost after winning his first six. Dick Bertell of CHICAGO (3-4) was hnd \$500 for being five pounds overweight. PETERSBURG (1-6) continued to slump and had lost 20 of 24. The Pirates scored only five runs in Vernon Law's five losses.

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE		Wins	SO	EFA		
LA	Drysdale	5-2	Koufax	41	Peters	130
San Fran	5-0	Ellis	34	Murray	231	
Phi	Sherr	4-3	Short	43	Short	76
ST	Mitchell	5-3	Ferra	48	Mantle	167
Bos	Gault	6-0	Brown	33	Gault	182
SIL	Gibson	4-0	Gibson	54	Roberts	232
Mt	Gonzalez	4-2	Chapman	25	O Bell	100
Chi	Leach	4-2	Jackson	23	McDaniel	188
NY	Belkna	2-0	Jackson	25	Fisher	100
Pitt	Wade	2-1	Wade	37	McGraw	257

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chi	Barbardi	3-0-2	Walt	37	Barbardi	135
Mem	Pascual	4-0	Pascual	36	Ross	221
Del	Leitch	5-2	Leitch	38	Sherry	184
LA	Newman	6-1	Chance	37	Mey	197
Balt	Roberts	4-2	Roberts	27	Pappas	180
Car	Terry	4-1	McDowell	48	Terry	168
NY	Smith	2-2	Gustin	22	Smith	272
Bos	Monbouquette	4-2	Morehead	27	Monbouquette	335
Wash	Rodriguez	2-1	Ortega	25	McCarthy	267
KC	Talbot	2-2	Talbot	22	O'Donoghue	246

Record statistics through September, May 15

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

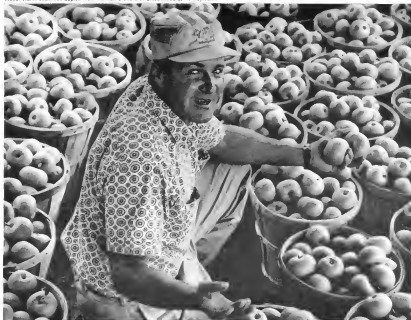


WILLIE HORTON

NATIONAL LEAGUE

LOS ANGELES (5-3) lengthened its first-place lead to 3½ games with some hair raising baseball. The Dodgers got only one hit off Chicago's Dick Ellsworth, but the hit was a pinch three-run homer by Al Ferrara that beat the Cubs 3-1. Two Chicago misplays preceded Ferrara's homer, only the second of his major league career. Sandy Koufax whiffed 13 while shutting out Houston, and Ron Fairly won two more games with singles. In eight games Dodger pitchers allowed only 16 runs. Absten even used Lou Johnson, up from Spokane, in the cleanup spot. Willie Mays, Willie McCovey and Jim Ray

Water Horst examines apples from his fruit orchard in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania



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Photo (top) courtesy of Graydon Schlichter

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Occupation Age

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ARMS, LEGS, AND THE MANN

Sirs:

What have you got against the Dodgers? First you say Koufax can't pitch anymore, therefore, they can't win the pennant. Well, now he is pitching as good as ever and there goes that theory. So Tommy Davis breaks his ankle and, of course, you say they are out of the running again (*Deadly Slide for the Dodgers*, May 10). As I write this the Dodgers are in first place by two games. They have just swept three games from the Reds. Before that they took three out of four from the Giants. I will be writing to you again in October when the Dodgers are playing in the World Series.

MYRON SEVERIN

Loma Linda, Calif.

Sirs:

I stand in awe of Jack Mann. Few are the men with sufficient courage to *dumpees* from pennant contention a baseball team often accredited with the best pitching in baseball.

JIM BREUNING

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

If the Dodgers' hopes are "shattered" now, I certainly want to be around when they piece them back together! If he can remember 1915 baseball, Mr. Mann should be able to think back to 1963, when the Dodgers proved in the World Series that pitching is the name of the game, and the Dodgers still have the best pitching staff in baseball.

JOHN L. CONNIT

San Gabriel, Calif.

Sirs:

Mr. Mann has failed to realize that the Dodgers may be versatile enough to combine their great pitching and speed with a respectable number of extra-base hits. The Dodgers may not win the pennant, but they will be a contender right through September, with or without Tommy Davis.

R. M. SHERIDAN

Windsor, Conn.

COLD WAR

Sirs:

O.K., so it is disgraceful "that it should seem necessary or desirable to appeal to government for a permanent solution" to the NCAA-AAU feud (*SCORECARD*, May 10). But what do you suggest? One thing for sure, we athletes won't be consulted or given an opportunity to help resolve it, yet guess who will get the blame when the Russians walk all over us this summer in Moscow?

Each principal should go off by himself somewhere and answer the following questions *honestly*. What is the purpose of sport?

Should everyone be able to compete if he wants to? Do I want these competitors to do their best? Do I want our best competitors to represent us internationally?

Let's settle the feud and start getting ready for the Russians!

CARY WEISBERG

Durham, N.C.

MIDDLE DISTANCE CEMENT

Sirs:

I must commend you on the superb handling of the article, *This is the Way the Girls Go* (May 10). Having known and competed with both of these girls, I know you couldn't have chosen more appropriate representatives for the new class of middle-distance runners. Girls like Marie Mulder and Janell Smith will definitely increase the logging interest in the middle distances. These feminine runners are typical of the new faces appearing in girls' track today.

SCOT THARRNGH

Columbus, Neb.

Sirs:

Congratulations on having written one of the first sensible, unprejudiced and non-facetious articles on women's track to appear in a national magazine. Some of the newspaper columns written by otherwise intelligent sportswriters are enough to make one cringe. It has always amazed me that the girls run at all in the face of so much discouragement.

LILLIAN MORRISON

New York City

Sirs:

John Underwood writes about a "small, weakly lit, high school football stadium" in Fredonia, Kans. The Fredonia stadium is one of the most modern and beautiful stadiums in this part of Kansas. He also made several remarks concerning our cement plant. This cement plant is a source of livelihood for many citizens of this town.

Everyone in Fredonia is very proud of Janell Smith, but we are also very proud of our town. The impression given in your magazine was very misleading.

JANICE BROWN

Fredonia, Kans.

RUGGER RUGS

Sirs:

Cheers to Rex Lardner for capturing the spirit and excitement of Rugby (*The Playlog and the Partylog Were Lovely*, May 10). Amidst this praise, however, I thought it only "cricket" to tell you that it took two priests, three medical students, two bankers, a gravedigger and seven other spirited members of the St. Louis Bombers to put that

one blemish on Notre Dame's record. The Bombers, who won in the Missouri Rugby Football Union with a 12-1 record, beat the Irish in a 14-3 romp. What's more, we usually win the parties, too.

WILLIAM J. CROMBIE

St. Louis

Sirs:

You were kind enough to include one statement in your article acknowledging that the University of California was perhaps the best Rugby team in the nation.

The Australian Rugby Football League has seen fit to acknowledge Cal as one of the finest teams in the world by extending an invitation to them to play exhibition games in Australia and New Zealand this coming summer.

ROBERT S. THAMMAN

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Far up in New Hampshire there is another team that is well-known across the country for its Rugby, the Dartmouth College Rugby Football Club.

Dartmouth made the first American Rugby tour abroad—England in 1958—winning five of its seven games. Last spring Dartmouth became the first American team to play on the continent—at Hanover, Germany against the town team, which had been champion of the German Rugby Union in 1961. The Dartmouth Club fields four teams daily, not three as at Yale. These teams travel an average of 400 miles per weekend—at their own expense. This is enthusiasm.

DAN CORRETT

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

I would like to commend you on your excellent article on the Notre Dame-Toronto Rugby game, and on Rugby itself. It is about time an American magazine pointed out that a great part of Rugby is the good sportsmanship of the players on the field.

PETER G. ROBINSON

Exeter, N.H.

Sirs:

As an Irishman and longtime Rugby fan who has been in this country two years, I would like to point out to your readers that New York also possesses one of the finest amateur Rugby teams in the East. It is made up of Europeans and Americans, some of them playing the game for the first time. The New York Rugby Club has just completed a trip to Montreal and will play Yale, the Columbia Old Blues and Boston in the weeks to come to round off the spring season. I'm sure you will agree that this is

continued

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18TH HOLE (continued)

a clear indication of how popular the game of Rugby has become in the U.S.

Mr. Lardner stresses the importance of the social side of Rugby, but he can rest assured all Rugby players make the supreme effort to win on the field as well as off.

FRANK MALLORY

New York City

THE OTHER HAILE

Sirs:

John Underwood should be praised for his perceptive writing about Ethiopia and that great Ethiopian athlete, Abebe Bikila (The No. 2 Lion in the Land of Sheba, April 12). His story of the track star reminds me of my encounter with another fine Ethiopian sportsman while I was stationed with the U.S. Army in Asmara.

The No. 1 golfer in the Land of Sheba is a little lad named Haile Zohayge who makes



ZERAYE DERES OFF AN ETHIOPIAN TEE

Chi Chi Rodriguez look-alike. Haile consistently shoots subpar rounds with his secondhand, mongrel clubs on Ethiopia's two sheep-, goat- and cow-worn, bone-dry, rock-hard courses with their oiled-sand greens. His opponents, who wield the finest U.S.-made clubs, are GIs stationed in Asmara and Addis, United Nations and Foreign Service officials from the U.S. and other countries, upper-class Italians and Ethiopians—few of whom can really challenge him. His pal Samore is usually runner-up. Both have the same quiet, good-natured self-assurance found in Bikila.

Watching the natural form of Ethiopian 5-year-olds swinging imaginary clubs led me to suspect that with the coming of prosperity the Ethiopians will someday compete with the world's best golfers.

DAVID J. CALY

Farmington, Conn.

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